



*From a painting by Louis Moeller.*

WEARY.



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WEARY.

# The Quarterly Illustrator

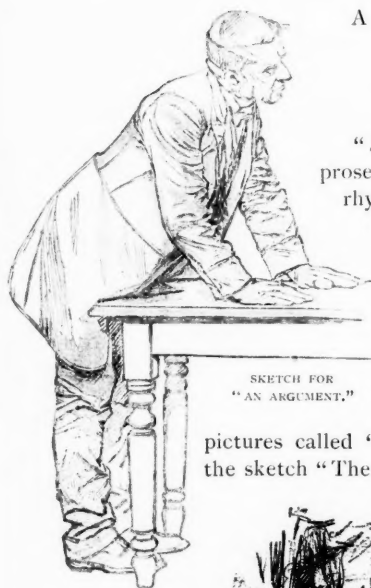
Vol. II.    October, November, and December, 1894    No. 8

"We make no choice among the varied paths where art and letters seek for truth."

## A SCULPTOR'S OPINION OF A PAINTER

BY F. WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL.

*With original illustrations by Louis Moeller.*

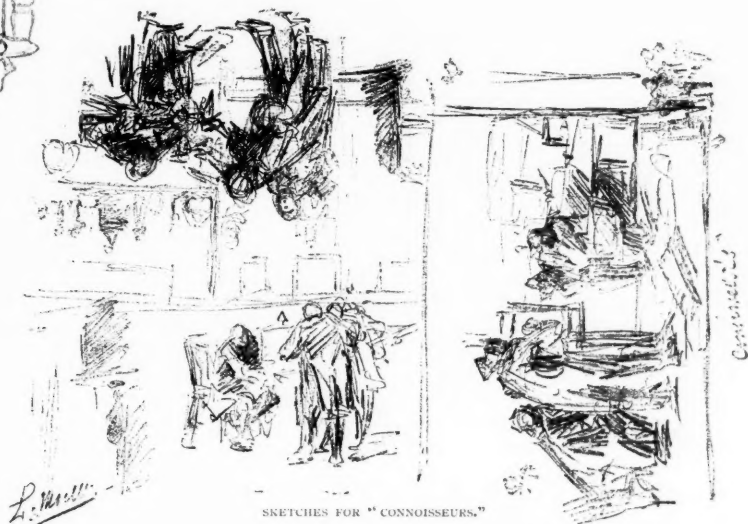


SKETCH FOR  
"AN ARGUMENT."

"*Suggestiveness*" is the difference between poetry and prose. There are rhymes without one poetic quality, and rhymeless pages that lift one toward the empyrean.

He who exhausts the possibilities of story-telling and leaves nothing vague to the imagination of his audience, may be a great raconteur or a dramatist, but he is not a poet.

Moeller is essentially a dramatist. This is proven by the fact that when he attempts anything "*suggestive*" he falls short, and in spite of himself he is concrete and realistic. Take his pictures called "*Grace*," "*A Brown Study*," and "*Weary*," as well as the sketch "*The Miser*."



SKETCHES FOR "CONNOISSEURS."



GRACE.

I have seen pictures of "Saying Grace" which radiated a reverence so profound that one felt touched. This picture leaves me cold. It lacks solemnity. The aged woman is not bent enough, and the expression on the face of



"BLUFFING."



THE MISER.

the young woman is not quite reverent enough.

In "The Brown Study" I see a man *tired*. There is neither careless nor intense reflection. He is simply "resting up."

"Weary" shows an old woman who has stopped work for a moment, but who looks as if she could work many hours more. It fails to convey to me the slightest feeling that she *must* be *weary*.

"The Miser" looks more like a man who is paying for a drink he is still cheerful over.

But if Moeller is not a poet, he is a remarkable dramatist.

The chief element of high dramatic art is the telling of a story in the fewest words, in the least time, in a limited space, in such a manner that when the auditor looks upon the stage he feels he is regarding an actual scene in real life. The more intense this expression of life, the more all the actors on the stage contribute to produce a *oneness* of effect, the more dramatic a picture do we behold. From this point of view Moeller is one of the most dramatic painters of the day.

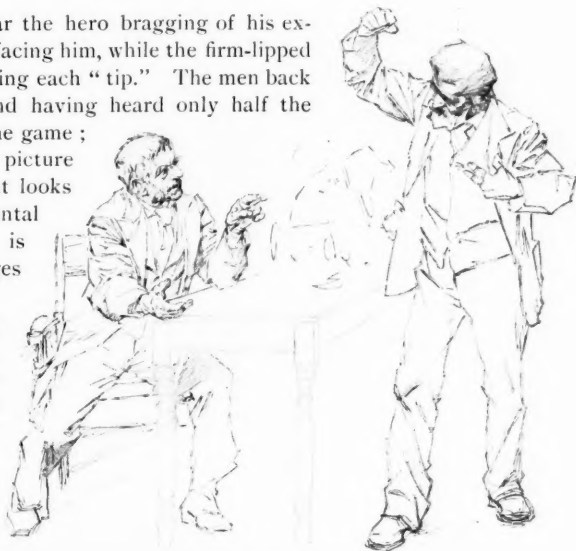
In the sketch "Stubborn" we have not only an exceedingly clever drawing, but an intensity of expression and action that is admirable. The sketch "For an Argument" is capital. "His Lucky Day," I consider a masterpiece of composition and expression.

One can actually hear the hero bragging of his exploits to the young man facing him, while the firm-lipped old man to his left is noting each "tip." The men back of him, just come in, and having heard only half the story intently inspect the game; while on the left of the picture the man with a straw hat looks on with an evident "mental reservation." Nothing is superfluous. All converges to one point.

Everywhere intensity of mental action and life. As a specimen of dramatic story-telling it is superb.

Who has not laughed at just such a scene as is so tellingly shown in "Bluffing?"

The dried-up old cod-



ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR "STUBBORN."



HIS LUCKY DAY.

ger counting his "chips;" the winner raking in the "pot" with a leer of humor; the man who wouldn't "call," and is asking his neighbor to back up his judgment; the one on the right saying: "Ah! you old pirate! you were 'bluffing!'" All



OLD CRONIES.

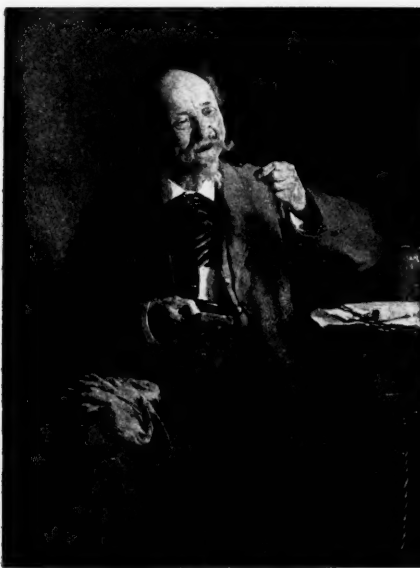
help to make another remarkable piece of dramatic painting. It is perfect.

In "The Old Cronies" he again falls short a little.

But nothing could be more expressive than "A Pinch" and the "Study for Bluffing."

In "Home again" we have a characteristic bit of comedy needing no explanation.

"Beat That!" furnishes the theme for another masterly dramatic work.



A PINCH.

by his side is striking. The latter, with his Whittier-like head and intense look at the dice, almost lifts the game into dignity.

Here again the eye is forced to one point. All converges, nothing shocks, nothing wanting, nothing useless.

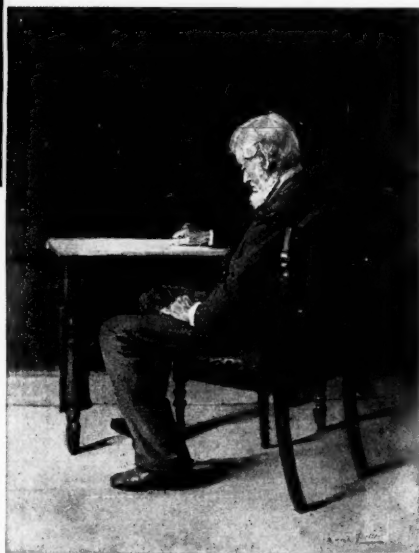
Moeller's color is somewhat "sec" and "photography." But his brushing contains a touch of the "premier coup" quality of Franz Hale.

If he can retain this with his superb drawing and fine composition and mar-



STUDY FOR "BLUFFING."

The old sport who holds the dice-box says "Beat that!" with his entire body. The whole figure is superbly drawn and instinct with life and movement. The contrast between him and the old man



A BROWN STUDY.



HOME AGAIN.

vellous power of expression, stick to the *dramatic*, and acquire more *richness* of color, he may soon earn the title of the Meissonier of America.



BEAT THAT!

## THE CLEVELAND SCHOOL OF ART

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED.

*With original illustrations by its pupils.*



*Drawn by William Warren Sabin.*

NURSE SHOP IN ABANDONED SHAKER VILLAGE.

WHERE Nature has been lavish with her gifts art finds a congenial home. To those who know the prosperous Ohio city that has been built on the southern shores of Lake Erie, it seems most natural that art should flourish in it, for Cleveland is one of the most beautiful towns in all of America, and her people, after achieving wealth, have acquired a generous cultivation—a cultivation which includes an expansion of the æsthetic sense. This is said advisedly, and in spite of the fact that the public authorities in Cleveland have

quite recently offended all the canons of artistic sense by insisting on the erection of a great public monument which is arrogant in its disregard of good taste. But the public authorities in American cities do not represent the good taste and the artistic appreciation of the cultivated among the people, as we have seen in Boston



*Drawn by Ora Coltman.*

MORNING NEAR GARFIELD MONUMENT.



*Drawn by C. H. Benjamin.*

A BRIGHT MORNING.

in the past and in New York in the present. But we can compel these officials to listen and heed the advice of those who know what art is and what it signifies, and in Cleveland the offence alluded to was not permitted to be perpetrated without protest. This protest will be remembered when the æsthetic sense is more generally developed there than it is now. And it will not be long



*Drawn by George C. Groll.*

ALONG THE DOCKS.



*Drawn by Charles H. Ault.*

IN NEW ORLEANS HARBOR.

in its development, for the heaven is at work—at work in comparative silence, but not with less power because of its quietness. In Cleveland we have one of the most flourishing and successful art schools in the country. From it will go out into the society of the town the men and the women who will direct taste in the proper channels.

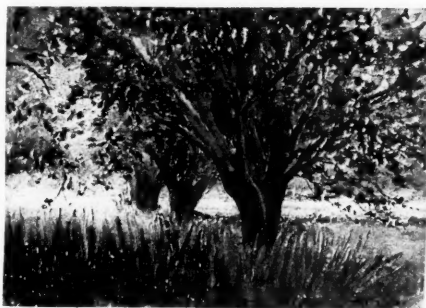
That a school of art can flourish in a community is a most encouraging sign



*Drawn by H. W. Lewis.*

A NEWLY CUT FIELD.

as to liberality of thought and action, and the erection of forty hideous public monuments will not suffice to counteract the good work done by such an institution. In New York more bad monuments and unworthy public buildings have been erected during the past twenty years than in all the time previous to that, and yet during those two decades, art in the metropolis has had its birth and has grown to a sturdy maturity. It has not been strong



*Drawn by G. F. Bradley.*

THE ORCHARD IN JUNE.



*Drawn by O. F. Shubert.*

A FISHING VILLAGE.

enough always to check offences against good taste, but it has uttered its protests, it has cried out in the wilderness, and now even the deafest and the dullest must hear. So will it be elsewhere, that art is taught with such sincerity that the pupils come to make beauty a part of the religion of their life, and hold with the poet that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty."

Thirty years or so ago, in towns



*Drawn by Otto Rutenik.*

AUTUMN LEAVES.



*Drawn by E. W. Palmer, Jr.*

EVENING.

such as Cleveland, the artist, the sign painter, the takers of daguerreotypes, and mere journeymen house-painters stood about on a par in the public regard. In strictly business circles, it is likely that the sign and house painters had rather the best of it, for they served useful purposes and did work that had to be done, besides sometimes having bank accounts. But pictures did not count for much with the Amer-

ican utilitarians of former generations. It is different now and lucky for the day we live in that this is so. The movement that makes for sweetness and light has been felt far and near, and the man or woman who elects to lead an artistic life is sure to receive in a great measure the recognition which talent deserves. There is encouragement therefore to study art, and there is good reason to persevere in it and practise it as a profession if any talent be found.

And even the unpromising pupils should not give up without repeated efforts, for we have the assurance of one of the most experienced teachers of art in this country, that frequently the backward pupils in the beginning turn out to be the best in the end. With painting we are apt to have the idea that

it is a God-given talent that comes in some mysterious way and which cannot be acquired. Genius does

come that way, no doubt, but if all but the geniuses stopped working, the industries of the world must also stop.



*Drawn by O. V. Shubert.*

GATHERING THE SEAWEED.



*Drawn by Ora Coltman.*

PREPARATIONS FOR DINNER.



*Drawn by Wm. Warren Sabin.*

AFTER A SNOWFALL.



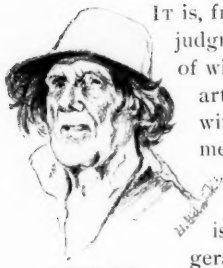
*Drawn by Charles H. Ault.*

ON THE GULF OF MEXICO

## AN AMERICAN WILKIE

BY CLARENCE COOK.

*With original illustrations by Howard Helmick.*



A BLIND MAN.

It is, from one point of view, an amusing fact, that in forming our judgment as to the merits of a picture, we need take no account of what artists say about it. Broadly speaking, we may divide the artist-body into two camps, always, however amiably, at war with one another: the men of anecdote and subject, and the men of art-for-art's-sake: who view with silent disapprobation, or with clearly expressed contempt, any attempt on the artist's part to excite an interest in his picture beyond what is due to his way of painting. It may be said, without exaggeration, that, for these men, not a few of them really worthy of distinction for the skill they have attained—not only a goodly number of artists of our own day, but a goodly number of artists of old times who are reckoned famous by a no doubt ignorant world, do not exist at all as artists. They painted subjects, anecdotes: they were themselves interested in the story they had to tell, and they hoped to interest others in it: this is enough to condemn them with the artists for art's sake.

For these men an artist like Howard Helmick, whose repertory consists entirely of pictures painted to please his fellow-men by showing them scenes from the drama of actual life, would have no interest whatever. They would class him with our own Mount, with Wilkie, with Defregger, with Smedley—all clever men, no doubt, but outside the sacred pale. We wish, for our part, that the public here at home had had better opportunities for judging Mr. Helmick's merit for themselves. He has too long been one of the army of the expatriated—charmed—and who shall blame him!—by the ease and comfort of life abroad, and finding there all the success he needed and all the appreciation he could desire; and he has not sought the suffrages of his countrymen by the ordinary methods of the exhibition-gallery or the dealers' sales-rooms. His student-days were passed in Paris, where he and Henry Bacon were pupils of Cabanel; and when the Franco-Prussian war fluttered the studios of Paris



EMANCIPATION DAY AT LINCOLN PARK.



A SCHOOL GIRL.

and sent the artists adrift, he with others went to England, and after some stay in London wandered over to Ireland, where he found, in that land of changing

lights and shadows in human life, as in nature, so many picturesque subjects, that before long he had all he could do to supply the demand for his pictures. It was a field till then almost undiscovered—another American, Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, had found and brought away some nuggets from the mine; but other fields of work had more attraction for her, and Mr. Helmick was left in almost undisturbed possession of the quarry he had opened. To enjoy his pictures it does not need that we should have read Miss Edgeworth, or Charles Lever, or Samuel Lover, or the latest delightful comer in the field of Irish tragedy and comedy, Jane Barlow—they

tell  
their

own story. Even the smaller of the specimens we give, "In a Shebeen," "The Blacksmith," "On his own Ground," with the characteristic head "A Blind Man," are evidently true to Irish life; but it is in his larger pictures of family groups and scenes that he shows the most original vein. Artless nature, free and happy with the happiness that only poverty can know, laughs in our "Irish Apollo piping to



THE BLACKSMITH.



IN A SHEBEEN.

the Graces;" and a collection of his Irish scenes would show us the same penetrating observation and directness of statement. Helmick is one of the few artists we know who could be trusted to illustrate such books of Irish life as those we have mentioned: his pictures would be as unforced and as free from artificiality as the books themselves.

And yet, why should an artist of such cleverness neglect his own country-life for that of another people? Why, in fact, should the greater part of our artists be doing one of two things: either painting foreign scenes and manners, or else painting home-scenery and home-scenes in such a fashion that they would never be suspected for our own?



ON HIS OWN GROUND.



AN IRISH PIPER PIPING TO THE GRACES.



## ROUND ABOUT THE KIT KAT

BY NYM CRINKLE.

*With Original Illustrations by Prominent Members.*

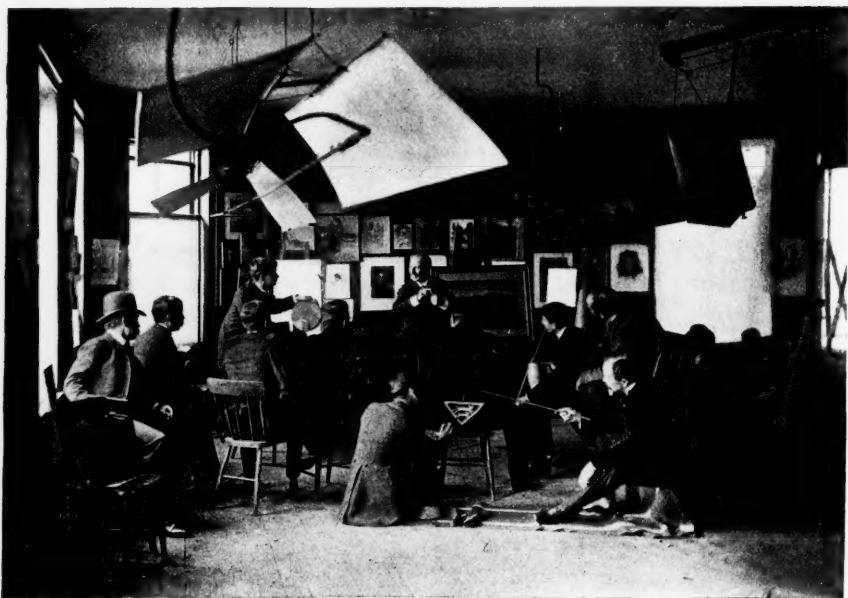
CLUBS are conceived in conviviality and co-operation. The Kit Kat appears to have sprung from fellowship. The fellowship of sentiment and informal ease.

The fellowship of artists must not be confused with the guild feeling of the wheelwrights. An artist is essentially a creature of sympathy, and he is always half conscious that his temperament is misunderstood by the great and necessary crowd of practical men, who wonder why a sensible person should strike an attitude at a curve or go into ecstasies over a puddle. Your true artist is often a mystery to himself. Like a wind-harp he is played upon by invisible fingers.



*From a painting by L. W. Seavey.*

A SEA-GIRT SHORE.



WORK AT THE KIT KAT.

Voices that others do not hear speak to him in a tongue which even he may not fully understand. His senses grow subtle as they strain for the message. Like



LEISURE AT THE KIT KAT.

a seer he is forever looking into depths in search of something that forever eludes him. Beauty is the ghost that dimly shows itself in every stick and stone and weed, and is gone before he can take its measure and proclaim it to the world.

The one great difference between the artist and the philosopher is that the artist's heart always sings. Beauty, though she eludes him, forever whispers her hope and her peace in his ear. A melancholy artist has mistaken his vocation. One cannot well imagine pessimism with a palette, or despair intoxicated with a sunset.

I suppose the fellows who organized the Kit Kat—and how strangely methodical it sounds to say they organized anything—I suppose they just adhered because they understood each other. Those fellows stuck together because they wanted to be jolly along the line and color; they had a communal adhesiveness like a swarm of bees, intent only on getting the honey out of nature; if for passing enjoyment rather than in provision for the future, who need blame them?



*Drawn by Otto Wolff.*

PERCITA WEST.



*From a painting by A. E. Blackmore.*

FELHAM BAY.

None of the excellent clubs in existence furnished them with a working hive, so they just clustered and one grew up around them, of their own. That was the Kit Kat Club.

Somewhere under its archives I suppose, will be found the perennial Sarony—the first President,



Drawn by Will Crawford.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

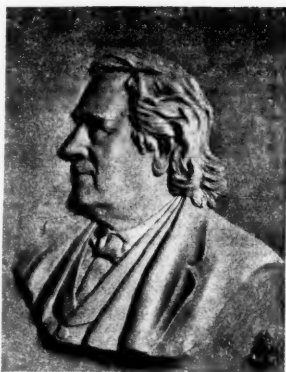
Graham Clark, Dabour, and a few others coincided in the desire to have a meeting place that would be a rendezvous, without being a salon; a sitting-room and not a parlor. A club without a kitchen—which is usually another name for encumbrance. A circle where they could all sit round Ed. Moran as if he were an open fireplace, and smoke their briar-wood pipes, and all talk at once, while somebody threw Sarony on to make a blaze.

French, wasn't it? *vive la fraternité*. If they had made a by-law that everybody should wear a blouse and own a grisette, perhaps they would have developed a Fortuny before this. But the fact is they were thinking neither of the Boulevards nor the Sorbonne. They merely wanted artistic intercourse without hiring a butler or paying a cook. They didn't want to be Bouguereaus, but Bohemians.

And I really believe that to-day the Kit Kat is the only really Bohemian club we have—in the best sense of that

presiding with a piece of charcoal in his hand, and offering to demonstrate the beneficence of Nature by having her rise from the sea without any bodice. The first principle of the Cosmos with Sarony has always been—not phosphorus, but carbon.

The first meeting of the Kit Kats (if that phrase, feline in its sound, is not felonious in its meaning) must have been in Sarony's rooms away back in 1881—somewhere in the early spring of that year. Edward Moran, William H. Lippincott, C. Y. Turner, T. de Thulstrup,



By Gifford Slocum.

REV. ROBERT COLLYER.



From an etching by T. Wust.

A NATIVE OF A SOUTHERN CLIME.

word. And being truly Bohemian it is the only place where you can escape from the conventionalities without tumbling over the improprieties.

A Bohemian, in the studio sense, is a man who recognizes God with his sensibilities and endorses him with his pencil, and doesn't talk about him. The popular notion of a Bohemian paints him as a fellow who not only comes to your reception in overalls and makes love to your wife, but insists upon bathing afterward in the fountain on your lawn. The exact antithesis of a Bohemian is a Prig; some one had said that a prig is a man

made up without any sense of humanity. Well, an artist is a man who can't exist without humanity. It is all very well to talk about the recluses who are content to shut themselves up with Nature, but nobody finds out so surely as the artist

that all nature leads up to man and doesn't stop there. George Moore, who recently said that it requires as much art to paint a water butt as a Cordelia, was himself reasoning in a barrel. Not only does the artistic instinct travel forever looking for the human heart, but it also starts from that inscrutable centre.

I have myself been off for an outing with a member of the Kit Kat Club, and at the invitation of a millionaire we stopped at his lodge and tried to enjoy his company. He took us over a vast domain, showed us his resources and his improvements, and succeeded admirably in driving God out of his own empire, with a querulous and fault-finding practicality that was one-half dyspepsia and one-half avarice. No sooner was he out of sight than my companion, who had not, to the best of my



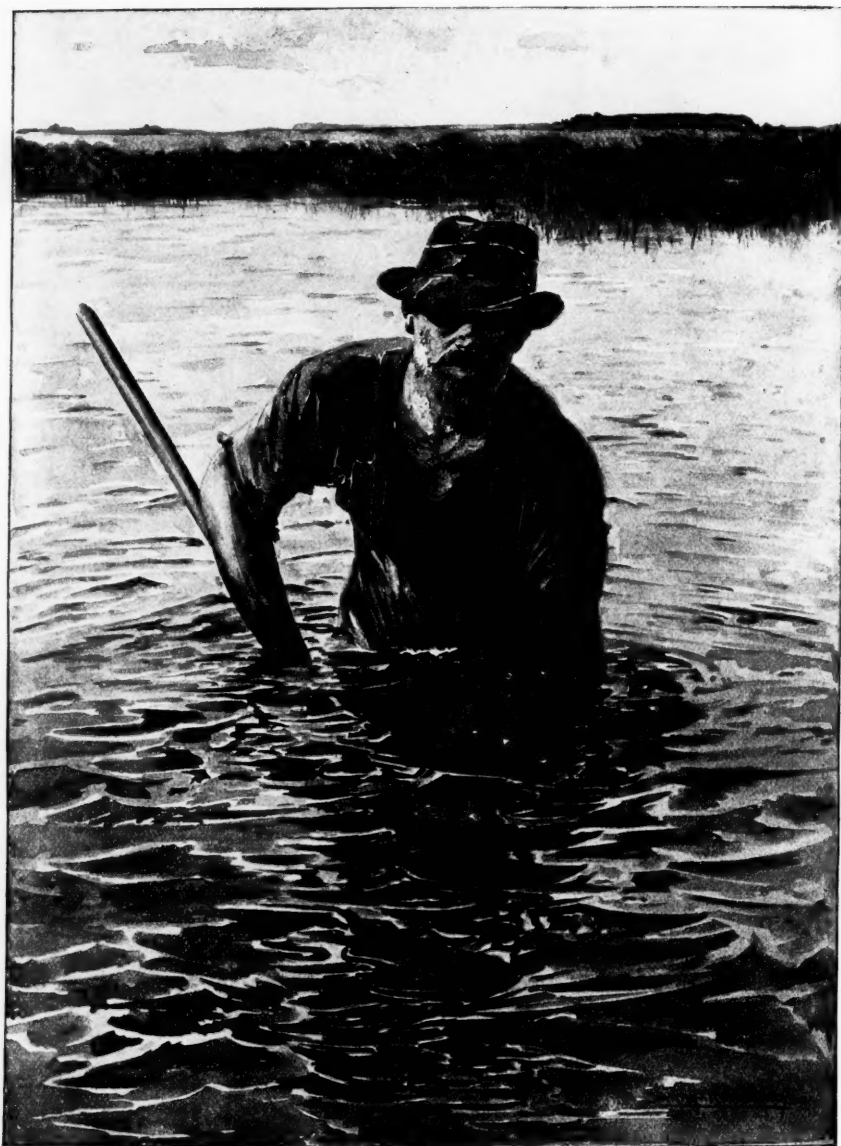
*Drawn by Francis Newton.*

AN OLD ENGLISH COUNTRY STREET.



*Drawn by T. A. Fitzgerald.*

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WOMAN.



*Drawn by Harry Roseland.*

CLAMMING OFF SHEEPSHEAD BAY.

belief, twenty-five cents in his pocket, began to coin the empyrean in the mint of his imagination, and to sing withal. And we both made a discovery at the same time. It was this—that there is only one place in the universe that you can keep God out of, and it is the human heart. But you can't do it with poverty.

*Drawn by Charles H. Israels.*

THE LODGE.

It is not necessary to be poor to be a good fellow. You know men who can be happy yet in spite of what they can buy. As a rule, though, your rich man is a fellow who is condemned by nature to buy what he cannot make. Homer Martin once told me that the sign of a true artist is that he is always convalescent. I guess that is true.

The charm of the Kit Kat to me is the same charm that resides in one of Béranger's little songs, or a collocation of grasses and flowers that nobody has plucked up by the roots and dried. It is the natural juices that give it vitality. There isn't enough of the club to quarrel without another club's assistance. You can see in the careless air of membership that they haven't got any club debt to carry or any chef to stand in awe of, or any preponderating non-professional

*Drawn by P. Couilloud.*

VANITY?

majority to patronize them and outvote them.

During the winter of 1881 they settled down for conjoint study and recreation, and got up their own life school.

Some very jolly recollections still hang round the rooms first occupied by the Kit Kat in East Fourteenth Street. They are all the jollier because they are not associated with anything but art. The almost absolute informality of the



*Drawn by G. W. Kittredge.*

A TEAM OF OXEN.



*From a painting by Benjamin Eggleston.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BALL.

club appears to have been its best safeguard from mere conviviality. The "smoke nights" were always communion nights in spite of "lone Jack" and "caporal." And I have yet to see one of those nights caught by a literary artist as some of the Kit Kats themselves have caught them with their pencils. Some one said they were a combination of the fo'castle and the forum. But that is one of those things that a cynic says with a dictionary and not with delight. They were always delicious undress occasions, with something of the freedom of the family circle just tinged with the stateliness of the circus; as though one could see the light that never was on land or sea and smell the sawdust at the same time. Only Thoreau and Burroughs and Gibson have done that in our literature, and I suppose

they imitated the great oak whose roots reached up to the ideal, and invited all the free birds of Heaven to come and sing what pleased them in the



*From a painting by Albert Herter.*



boughs.

the picture before you. Our old sachs, who, when he was not tag fastened to his broad sternophanes affixed it, not Asmo-



deus, and the very limpness of genius all round him proclaims that when these artists wish to get out of the school of the studio they go to the college of the club and leave everything except the grace of God and their sincere juvenility in the ante-room.

"Smoke nights" has a happy masculine flavor, wholly unlike the dress-coat dishwater of any reception I can call to mind. There is something in the virile attrition of these "smoke nights" that flashes into sparks, of course: suggestions, hints, jocund memoranda, felicitous scraps of form, dabs and scratches that are worth a great deal to anybody who prizes the scintillations of humor or treasures the eloquence of a pencil mark that is as fluent as one of Ed Moran's waves and was made when the temperament of the artist was at its keenest. It is the "smoke night" that leaves its human color on these souvenirs. One feels that the poets have come out of the cloisters of the studio, freed from the hampering conditions which govern daily work,



*From a painting by F. Spillane.*

CONTENTMENT.



*From a painting by W. C. Fittler.*

MEADOWLAND.

and have joined hands very much as if a roundelay could not be sung alone.

The Kit Kat has now and then strapped on its field-glasses and gone off on sketching tours, that have been memorably pleasant, because it has gone along the rugged paths and the winding streams to the Heart of Nature. Once it was the guest of the New Rochelle Yacht Club. How many pictures of Moran's have since been albums full of that season's keepsakes!

It was this club that several years ago gave living pictures, arranging them with a simple candor and an untheatric verity that put to rout the exaggerated voluptuousness and tinselled environment of the now popular models. But the pictures of the Kit Kat were not exposures—they were revelations.

One does not have to go to the club



*From a painting by W. H. Crane.*

A SECOND START.



*From a painting by Percy Moran.*

A SNOWY DAY.

to get introduced to the members. You meet the men there, but the artists have strayed into our best galleries. You probably know Fidler though you have never seen him, which is only another proof that even the seductions of a club cannot turn the lock on what is best in a man. The odor of his genius escapes. Perhaps you can sniff it in his "meadow"—and if you do it will be the wild fragrance of sweet flag with a dash of the trampled mint in it.

Altogether the Kit Kat preserves for some of us what is best in the student artist—his human relationship and his spontaneity. It not only encourages his formal development of skill but it treasures the little impulses that accompany it, and it is hardly possible for the man who has never enjoyed a "smoke night" to escape the

atmosphere of Roseland's fellow who is shrimping in deep water, or the summer music of Blackmore's ripples as they wash rhythmically into those little bays and swing the sedges. Mere autographs those sketches of W. H. Crane's and Percy Moran's, but what a deal of character can be put into an autograph!

There is a little secret in most of these sketches—just as there is in a freemason's grip—that belongs to the club. Some bit of summer romance—some dainty or vital face caught by a pen or pencil on a bank or in a wild path—has its reminiscence, its legend, its sacred familiarity; and so subtle is the impression that the artist is at a loss to give it a name, and Yeoell, with a momentary dementia, has called his "Stirring Mud." As if he had tried to hide his little secret with a bravado phrase, "stirring sentiment" is what that girl on the bank is doing, and it is what she was built to do. But, of course, Yeoell is a cynic, and meant to imply that some kinds of sentiment are muddy.

And yet most of these jolly fellows have their ideals and their goddesses out in the open, and worship them all winter in secret with pen and pencil. And that will explain one of the verses I saw scrawled with a pencil on a sketch in the club rooms:

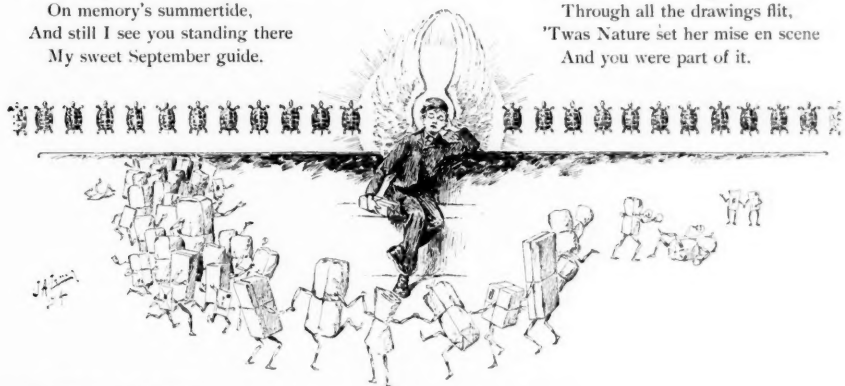
Still sweeps at times that dasied air  
On memory's summertide,  
And still I see you standing there  
My sweet September guide.

The dear illusions vague and vain  
Through all the drawings flit,  
'Twas Nature set her mise en scene  
And you were part of it.



*Drawn by W. J. Yeoell.*

STIRRING MUD.



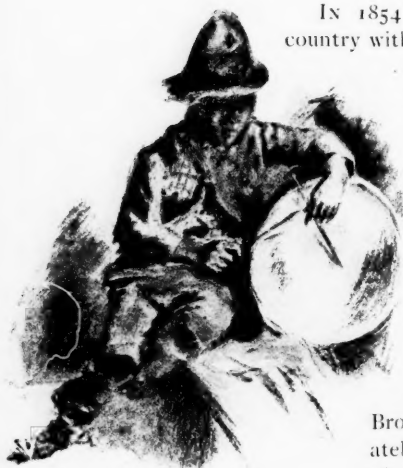
*Drawn by J. A. Lemon.*

A DISTRICT MESSENGER—RAPIDITY!

## A DREAM PAINTER

BY LYELL CARR.

*With original illustrations by Napoleon Sarony.*



THE HAND-ORGAN OF THE INDIAN.

IN 1854 a French artist, Baron de Belfor, came to this country with Louis Napoleon, and with him some of the unsystematic methods of the old French masters. One fancies him a kind of Beau Brummel, who, to do a little missionary work in a place where art was supposed to be in embryo and improve his own finances, gathered about him a few disciples. The old Café Français in Warren Street, near Broadway, served as their atelier. Aristocracy, bohemia, and a floating element of picturesqueness from the men-of-war and the merchantmen of the bay hobnobbed about the baron's easel. It was in great contrast to the gathering that surrounds an artist now; everyone was dressed in what seemed to be appropriate to his calling and himself, and if the baron had his eyes open his admirers were models. The most enthusiastic pupil, and far from the least picturesque, was Napoleon Sarony. The baron was his first and last instructor.

We seldom find that one's given name has any particular significance, but Mr. Sarony was born

on the day that a great man died, and his father said: "Parbleu! we will call him Napoleon."

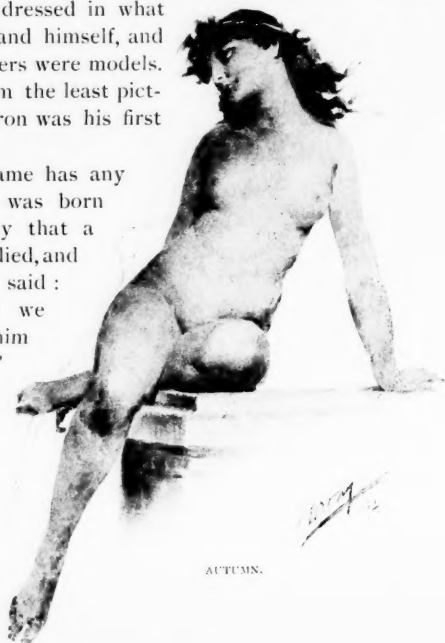
Some years afterward, accompanied by his friend Joseph Jefferson,



DAY DREAMS.



UN TYPE.



AUTUMN.



WITH WAILS OF THE WIND.

Mr. Sargent went to the West Indies. Not knowing the language, when he wanted some particularly picturesque character to pose, he would hold a dime up in one hand and with a sketch-book in the other, make use of the only Spanish phrase he knew, "Este quieto" (keep still). This is possibly the most valuable expression that an artist can know. That the scheme worked is evident from "Day Dreams." There is nothing posed about this little figure. The expression of the face, and particularly the position of the hand, show how unpremeditated the whole attitude was.



A CHILD OF THE OCCIDENT.

picking what is in arm's  
the remainder to

"Autumn" is  
acteristic of  
ny's work,  
more refined  
drawn, with-  
the power  
fleeting im-  
There is  
but that he  
great suc-  
that style  
decoration  
recently  
ant branch  
can fancy  
Wind" a  
and "Prin-  
grand stair-  
case of the  
Théâtre  
Comique.

It seems  
as if American peo-  
ple, mixed up in the  
whirl of business,  
when they turn to  
art require figures  
with wings or floating through the clouds, some-  
thing to keep them on the go.

"With only the Waves for Cover" is full of  
languid feeling, and the water reminds one of  
Turner.

Sarony seems to be more fond of Baldini  
than of any other artist, so much so that when

"The Drummer" is another instance of well-caught  
expression. His flat foot seems on the point of beating  
time, and his face has something wistful about it as a  
musician's should. The  
gishness of the race  
trayed in "Un  
recalls their lack  
Even through  
which grows  
rank, they

natural slug-  
is well por-  
Type." It  
of ambition,  
the coffee  
wild and  
only make a  
path with  
an axe, and  
reach, leave  
waste.  
more char-  
Mr. Saro-  
is much  
and better  
out losing  
to catch  
pressions.  
no doubt  
could make  
cess with  
of interior  
which has

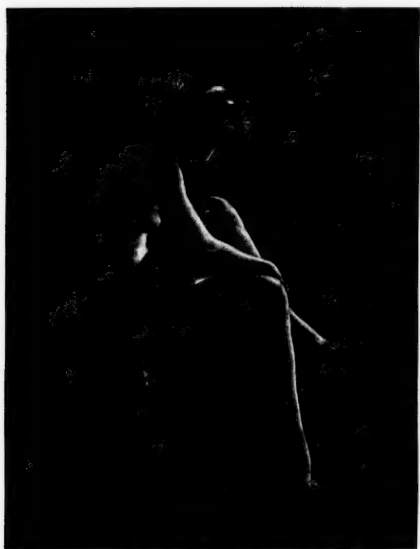
becomes such an import-  
of art among us. One  
"The Wails of the  
panel in a salon;  
temps" suggests the



PRINTEMPS.



MY PET.

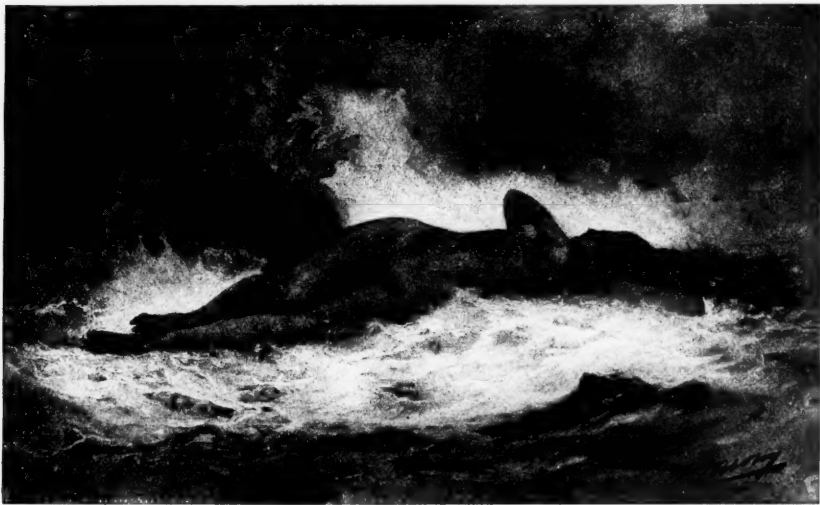


THE NYMPH.



ELFLIGHT.

in Paris he went, a stranger, to Baldini's studio. With charcoal and paper under his arm, he knocked. The door was opened and he said simply "Sarony, Amérique;" upon which Baldini seized him by the shoulder and pulled him into the room. He stood face to face with a most beautiful model who, on seeing a stranger enter, had thrown a drapery carelessly about her. It had chanced to fall in such graceful folds that he fell upon his knees, exclaiming, "Quel tableau!"



WITH ONLY THE WAVES FOR COVER.

When his enthusiasm had subsided he found that Baldini was willing to look at the sketches which he had brought to show. In looking them over the master selected one which Sarony had not placed much value upon, as it had been done in a few moments.

Naturally he was very much pleased at the compliment and offered it at once to Baldini.

"But it is not signed,"

said the master. Sarony seized the picture, laid it on the floor, stretched himself out

in front of it, and signed it at a dash.

Sarony is a conspicuous figure at the Salmagundi and other clubs, and he always speaks in generous terms of every other artist. His own studio is a very well

regulated place — considered from the standpoint of art. It is evident at a glance that no one has the privilege of going in and disturbing his things. There is surely truth in the old adage: "Show me your room and I'll tell you what you are," for Sarony's room is original and unique.

Funny old things have hung there for years and the dust has gathered on them, and the moths eat such things as they like.



BUBBLES.



MODEL RESTING.



A STUDY.

## ART'S SUMMER OUTINGS

BY ALFRED TRUMBLE.

*Illustrated from original sketches by various artists.*



DAWSON-WATSON.

THE life of an artist, no matter how it may be hampered or distressed by the privations of poverty and the lack of public appreciation, or tormented by the ambitions and the ideals which too often elude the poets, whether their medium of expression be brush or pen, carries with it one compensation. During one portion of the year, the painter is as free of the grinding routine of purely sordid endeavor, and the battle for recognition, as the sunshine, the leaves and grass, the running water, and the birds. The summer belongs to the artist by an inalienable right, whether he chooses, or is compelled, to spend it in gipsy camps, rude cabins, pleasant rural homes, or among smiling meadows or rugged forests and mountains. In some senses, in most personal senses, in fact —this period of artist life is the most interesting to the world, for then one comes closer to a knowledge of his identity.

Many years ago, that strange genius of English literature, George Borrow, christened the Romany race, which had adopted him as a son, the "children of the summer." The title properly belongs, however, to the race of the easel, and Borrow would, perhaps, have been the first to confer it, had he known its members as well



THOMAS B. CRAIG'S STUDIO AT WOODLAND, N. Y.

as he knew the wandering bands among whom he lived on English commons, in Spanish cork-forests, and among the vast plains of Hungary, at a time when art in America was an almost unknown term.

The familiar studio nests are empty at this season. Only a stray victim of some chance necessity remains in town. The flight of the others is as wide as the country. Up in Canada, in the Province of Quebec, Henry W. Ranger is at his summer work, at Bertiersville. Near by, at L'Ile d'Orléans, Horatio Walker has his country studio. Percy



STUDIO OF MARY U. WHITLOCK.

Woodcock is back in his native Dominion for the season. Another visitor to Canada, in the direction of the Thousand Islands, and Montreal, is Miss Jennie Brownscombe, whose regular summer studio is, however, at Honesdale, Pa., where she has converted an old photograph gallery to artistic appearance as well as use. Mrs. M. E. Dignam, the President of the Woman's Art Association of Canada, has for seven years made her summer home at Muskoka, Ontario. It is a charming site, among the lakes and mountains, on the banks of the



Drawn by Mary Read Sherman.  
"PEPPERBOX."

Muskoka River, a thousand feet above the sea, and is well called "Glenwild."

The artistic colonists of the Catskill country continue to increase in numbers. The picturesque summer studio of George Henry Hall, N.A., is at Palenville, N. Y. At Arkville, in the house which the late Alexander H. Wyant, N.A., built for himself, his widow now paints. Charles Warren Eaton, Arthur Parton, N.A., in his "Nestlewood" cottage, Mr. and Mrs. J. Francis Murphy, at "Weedwild," and Messrs. Ernest C. Rost, Henry M. Rosenberg, C. William MacCord, are also residents of the Arkville country. Mrs. C. B. Coman



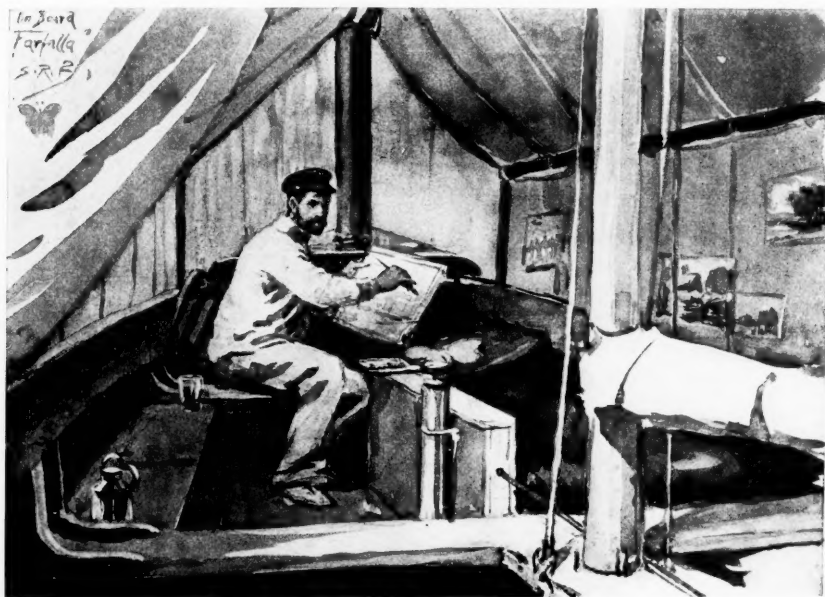
STUDIO OF DANIEL KOTZ.

has been working at the same place, as the guest of Mrs. Wyant. The studio of Thomas B. Craig is at Woodland, in Ulster County, and that of Miss Julia Dillon at Kingston.

But the whole Hudson River country, and in fact the whole interior of New York State, has an abundant summer population of artists. H. K. Bush-Brown, the sculptor, has his studio two miles above Newburgh. At Hague, in Warren County, Lake George, once a favorite sketching ground with the veterans A. B. Durand, William Hart, J. F. Kensett, J. W. Casilear, and David Johnson, this summer finds a colony comprising J. B. Bristol, Harry Watrous, and Robert M. Docker, of Brooklyn. At Hastings-on-Hudson is the hot-weather home of Jasper Francis Cropsey, N.A., a charming place, overlooking the river which has provided him with so many motives. George W. Cohen is at New Rochelle, and Mr. and



IN THE STUDIO OF GEORGE W. COHEN.



SYDNEY RICHMOND BURLEIGH ON BOARD THE "FARFALLA."

Mrs. George Merritt Clark, of Buffalo, rusticate in their houseboat, "The Bohemian," along the Erie Canal. Miss Frances Catherine Challenor is at Hasbrouk, in Sullivan County; Charles C. Curran has a studio at the lower end of Lake Erie; and G. B. Drake is camping at Old Forge, where his flesh diet is confined to the bear or deer that he can kill in the wilderness.

Charles Noel Flagg has his summer cottage at Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Thomas J. Fogarty is at Canandaigua Lake; Francis Day, Frank Fowler, Arthur Hoeber, and Edward Loyal Field have studios at Nutley, N. J., but break

their summer up by trips to the Catskills and the seashore. Indeed, the summer homes of many of our artists are likely to cover a variety of ground. Thus Gilbert Gaul has, for years, owned an estate in Tennessee. He also has a house at the upper end of Manhattan Island, which is really in the country. Nevertheless, he spends a great part of his time at this season wandering where fancy dictates, or some special business may call him.

At Rockland Lake you find Paul Graf working; Edward Gay cruises along Long Island Sound in a floating studio, but has his summer home in the



WHERE FRANCES B. TOWNSEND WORKS.

old Roosevelt mansion in Pelham Park; H. H. Green, of Buffalo, has been sketching at Gowanda, in the Cattaraugus Valley; Joseph W. Gies at Mamaroneck; and J. Nat. Hutchins in the vicinity of Ithaca. William H. Howe has recently purchased a house at Lawrence Park, in Westchester County, and DuBois F. Hasbrouck has a cottage near Mt. Pleasant, in Ulster County, among the Catskills. Arthur J. Keller is at Highland Mills, with a month at Ellenville in prospect; and at Westchester J. Henderson Kelly, George Cope, and Albert Rosenthal have been doing their summer's work. At Nyack is the summer and winter home of Benjamin Lander, etcher, painter, and amateur



EDWARD L. MORSE'S STUDIO AT LIBERTY, N. Y.



AUGUST WILL'S "FIDDLER'S ELBOW."

scientist. Joseph Lyman keeps his brush busy at Lake Placid, in the Adirondacks. One of the landmarks on the shores of Lake George is the extensive white summer house, with its studio attachment, of Henry A. Loop, N.A. At Liberty, in Sullivan County, are Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Morse, and at Arkville Mrs. A. V. C. Dodshun is established.

At Sparta, N. Y., C. A. Needham is summering industriously; at Under-



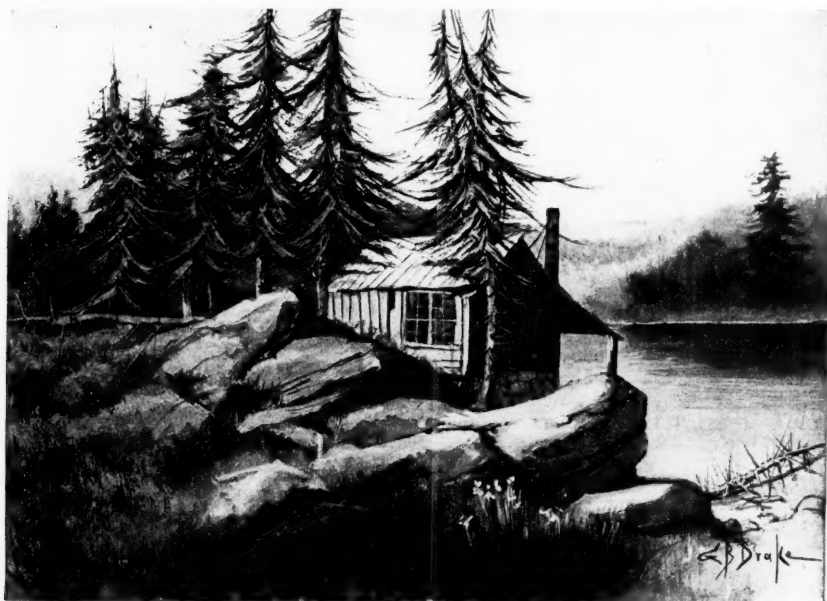
HOW W. W. DENSLow SPENT HIS SUMMER.

wood,

in Essex County, in the heart of the Adirondack region, Miss S. Mary Norton has her charming summer cottage, and from "Bonnyblink" cottage, on Lake Placid, J. C. Nicoll makes his excursions in pursuit of the picturesque in all directions. W. A. Porter, of the Philadelphia Art Club, has built himself a studio near Westport, in Essex County, and Mrs. Maud Shirley Perry has done her sketching at Glen's Falls. Miss Grace Fitz Randolph has her summer home at "Gray-Nook," one of the most delightful country houses on Lake George; E. J. Read is at Bradford, in Steuben County; G. A. Reid has his own cottage and studio at Tan-



WHERE ILONA RADO SKETCHES.



GEORGE B. DRAKE'S RURAL STUDIO.

nersville, and a larger house and studio for the use of his pupils; John Ruhl has made a temporary home for the summer at Newburgh; T. S. Sullivan is at Glen Haven, on Skaneateles Lake, in Cayuga County; R. M. Shurtleff has his home in the woods at Keene Valley, and William Wallace Scott is settled at New Rochelle; while L. E. Van Gorder, after setting up his easel for a couple of months at Mamaroneck, has removed it to the West for a change, and is studying Lake Erie from Toledo, Ohio. The summer home of L. M. Wiles and his gifted son is at Silver Lake, in Perry County, where they conduct one of the most efficient summer art schools in the country.



E. C. MESSER'S SKETCHING GROUND.



ORCHARD OF W. M. GOODE'S SUMMER HOME.

This enumeration, which could be made much more extensive, will, however, serve to indicate how widely the State of New York alone is populated with the summer homes of the artistic guild. The character of these homes is very varied. One painter's establishment is a mansion. Another's is an old barn or workshop. One

builds a beautiful cottage, and another knocks together a shanty of rough boards. But they are homes in which the dwellers, for four or five months, escape from their town studios, and draw fresh inspiration and strength from contact with nature.

There is still one section of New York which, more than any other, has acquired historical importance in connection with our summer art colonies. This is Long Island. The artistic potentialities of Long Island may be said to have been discovered by Charles H. Miller, N.A. He was born in New York City, and educated for a physician. Meanwhile, a native passion for art led him, in his spare time, to educate himself as a draughtsman and painter.



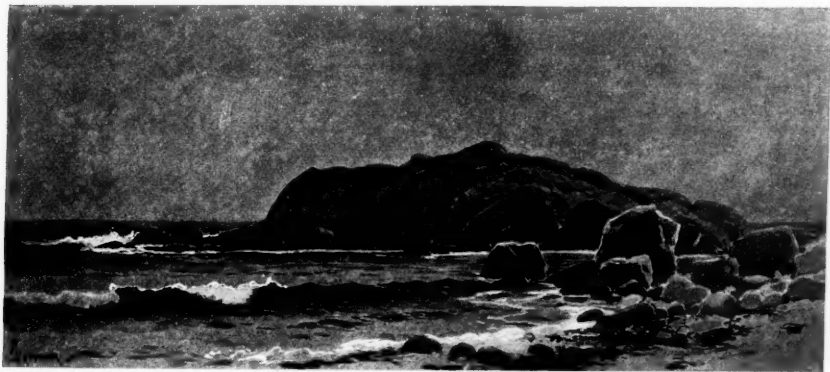
BIRDSALL D. FAINE'S RESIDENCE.



CHARLES A. HULBERT'S SKETCHING CLASS.

In 1863, when, at the age of twenty-one, he was graduated in medicine, he was already an exhibitor at the National Academy of Design. After graduating he went to Europe as surgeon of an emigrant packet, and in England the treasures of the public collections confirmed the resolution which was growing in him. He discarded his profession, to become an artist. He studied in Germany, Paris, and in the public galleries, his first master being Professor Lieber, at Munich. Returning to America, he devoted himself to the execution of an idea which became a fixed principle with him.

The old homestead of his family was in Queen's County, Long Island. The locality still preserved that sylvan character which has now vanished before rural vandalism and utilitarian progress. Thirty years ago he had commenced to paint the ancient farm-houses, the quaint water-mills, and the noble remains of forest, which are now little more than traditions. His landscapes are, in fact, most im-

*Drawn by A. T. Bricher.*

SKETCH AT SAKONNET, PA.



E. J. MEEKER'S HOME ON SHARK RIVER.

portant documents in the history of Long Island, for while he often found subjects elsewhere, his home has always been at the old homestead, and within reach of it he found the motives nearest to his heart.

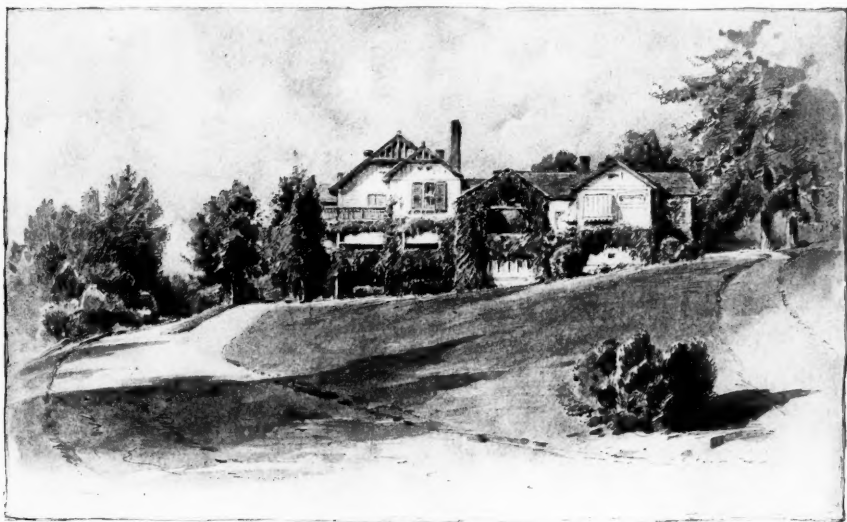
His labors in time attracted the attention of other artists. Queen's County begins just outside of Brooklyn. It extends across the island from north to south, and offered at the time every diversity of local scenery. From the old settlements of Flushing, and the Revolutionary farms and manors of the Sound shore, the painter could work his way down to the Atlantic, and never lack variety of material.

At the south were the great bays and winding inlets, the grassy salt marshes and the reaches of surf-beaten sand, which are now the resort of the cheap excursionist from New York and Brooklyn; and everywhere were to be had, for moderate compensations, the summer homes which the painter needed as a base of operations for his excursions.

But Brooklyn expanded. Coney Island and Rockaway became roaring resorts. The railroads and the factories blotted out the pleasant farm-lands,



WHERE EMILY FERCY MANN SKETCHES.



JAMES D. SMILLIE'S STUDIO.



SUMMER SKETCH OF S. F. SMITH.

and speculation converted the choicest sketching grounds into cheap building sites. So the artistic legion was driven steadily eastward, until it found, between Peconic Bay and Montauk Point, an ideal camping-place. So, as the greatest colony of artists' summer homes on the continent, Easthampton came into notice. Easthampton is the centre of an extensive district, lying midway between the fashionable summer cottage settlements at the west, and the tempestuous point where

Montauk lighthouse rears itself, "a pillar of fire by night, a pillar of smoke by day." To the south is the sea, with one of the finest surfs on the coast, beating always on a lee shore. To the north is the old whaling port of Sag Harbor. It is a land of sand-dunes, of quaint farms, of creaking windmills, of orchards older than the memory of living man, filled with weather-beaten fruit-trees warped by a century of storm; of the picturesque settlements of the dying race of native Indians; and it is peopled by



*Drawn by A. B. Beard.*

STUDIO OF DAN BEARD.

dead; C. Y. Turner, R. Swain Gifford, W. H. Lippincott, F. Hopkinson Smith, the Morans, J. Ward Stimson, who first took a summer class there, were among the pioneers. Little by little these summer visitors increased in numbers. Some bought or built houses, and the permanent settlement was fairly begun. The colonization re-



E. R. BOWDISH'S CANAL-BOAT AND TENT STUDIO.

Caucasians indigenous to the soil, as characteristic as all the rest. No wonder such a place, only three hours removed from the New York of studios and exhibitions, should offer itself as an artists' paradise.

The first visitors to Easthampton quartered themselves among the farmers and the villagers. Such illustrators as E. A. Abbey and C. S. Reinhart found it a choice sketching ground. Such painters as Arthur Quartley, now



MARY U. WHITLOCK'S STUDIO VERANDA.



*Drawn by Walter M. Dunk.*

SKETCH AT BUSHKILL, PA.

ceived a decided impetus from articles in the magazines, and the influence of Mr. W. M. Laffan, a distinguished amateur artist and journalist, while officially connected with the Passenger Department of the Long Island Railroad, did much more, by improving the facilities of communication. Those were merry days in Eastham-

ton, days of artistic gypsying, hard work, simple living, and a communion which brought many people together who might never have met before, and cemented many friendships which might never have been formed.

The Easthampton colony is to-day so extensive, and so constantly increasing, that it is impossible to estimate its augmentation from year to year. Thomas Moran has a cottage built by himself, and which is one of the most original artistic homes in the country. It is on the colonial plan, with a large studio which can also be used for social festivities. Here, from May until November, Mr. Moran makes his home, with his wife, son, and daughter, each of whom is an artist of unusual native gifts; Mrs. M. Nimmo Moran, in particular, ranking among the foremost artist etchers of our time. The hospitality of the Moran home is unbounded, and it is rarely free of guests. Edward Moran, whose wife and two



WHERE CHARLES A. FISKE SKETCHES.



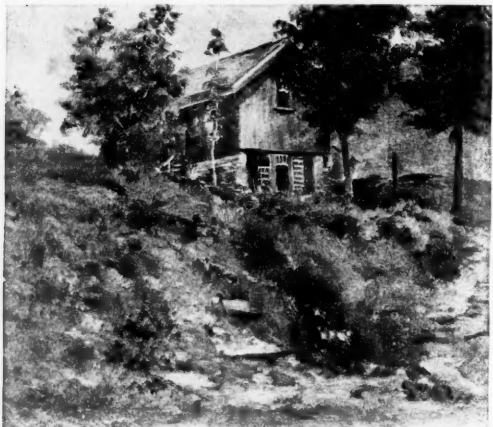
ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD'S STUDIO AT BLOWING ROCK.



A. HENCKE'S SUMMER COTTAGE.

sons are also well known as artists, has a place at Greenport, within a few hours' reach of his brother. William M. Chase has his summer home here, and conducts an outdoor school which graduates many talented pupils.

Among the other colonists in the Easthampton country this summer, may be mentioned E. McDowell, W. St. John Harper, Thomas Shields Clark, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. France, Elizabeth Strong, Mr. and Mrs. Paul F. Mundé, Emma B. King, Walter Clark, who is at Good Ground; Walter Douglas, at the Shinnecock Hills; Margaretta Lippincott, at Bayville; Walter Satterlee, who, since his return from Europe, occupies the cottage of J. H. Dolph, at Bellport; and Albert D. Blashfield,



ELLA F. FELL'S SKETCHING GROUND.

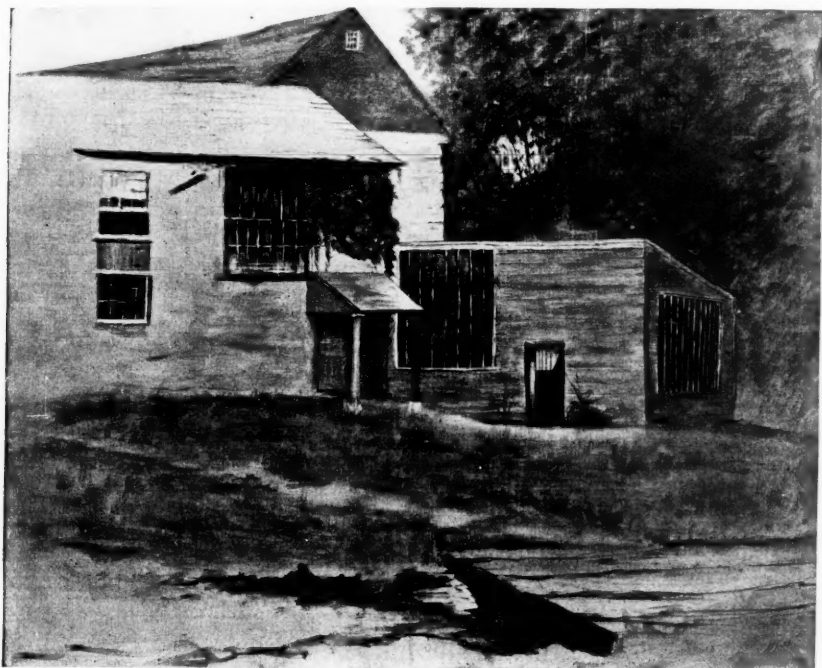
whose summer home is at Brookhaven, on the Great South Bay. You can travel westward, and still find our artists at work, like Harry Roseland, whose studio is at Flatlands; Frederick Burr Oppen, the caricaturist, who is at Bensonhurst; G. Wiegand and Edmund Wakeman, who work in much the same district as Roseland; Edward G. Sieber, who is at Smithtown; Susie B. Skelding, who works at Long Beach; while Baron de Grimm, the caricaturist, makes his summer studio wherever on Coney Island, at Rockaway, or Long Branch,

he can find characters worth studying. Several artists who are fortunate enough to have yachts to make their summer homes on, are also cruising from port to port around Long Island, notable among them being Edward A. Bell. Henry Farrer also summers on the Island, which has long been his home, although, like Mr. C. H. Miller, who resides at his home-  
stead, at "Queenslawn," he keeps up his studio in New York.



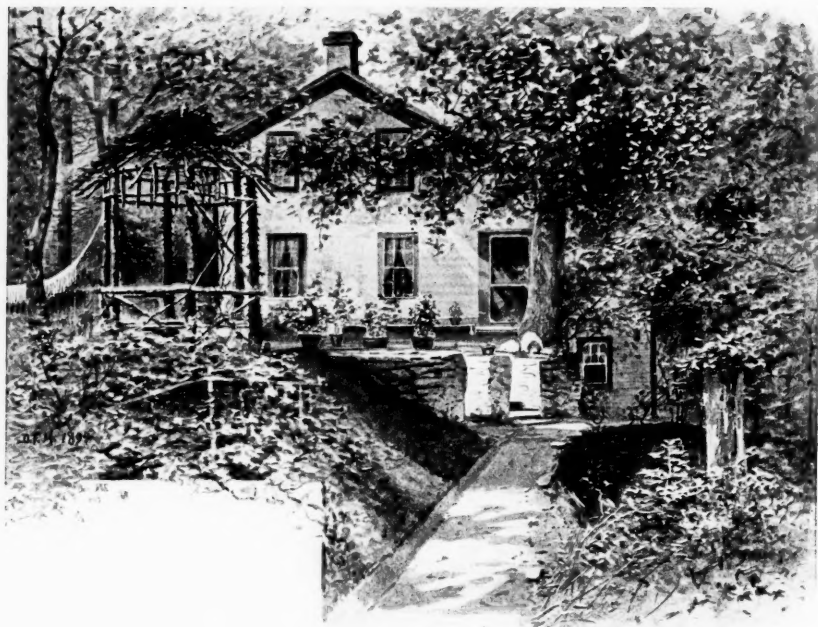
WALTER C. HARTSON'S STUDIO BOAT.

All along the north shore, at Flushing, Great Neck Point, Manhasset, and Port Washington; around Cold Spring Harbor, Huntington, Lloyd's Neck, Eaton's Neck, Port Jefferson, and so on along to Block Island Sound, many artists of both sexes have their summer homes. For those interested in old colonial remains, and in the picturesque phases of ship and boat building, and the scenery of Long Island Sound, this portion of the island is peculiarly attractive. Moreover, the



From a painting by Helen C. Hovenden.

THOMAS HOVENDEN'S STUDIO.



D'BOIS F. HASBROUCK'S STUDIO IN THE CATSKILLS.

natives, being of an amphibian character, provide excellent studies for the figure-painter. Steamboats reach the principal points from New York, as well as a regular service of the branch lines of the Long Island Railroad. Some of the artists occupy houses whose erection antedates the Revolutionary War. Others have built homes to suit themselves. The little inns, and the houses of the villagers and farmers, accommodate those of more modest means. But the easel encounters you



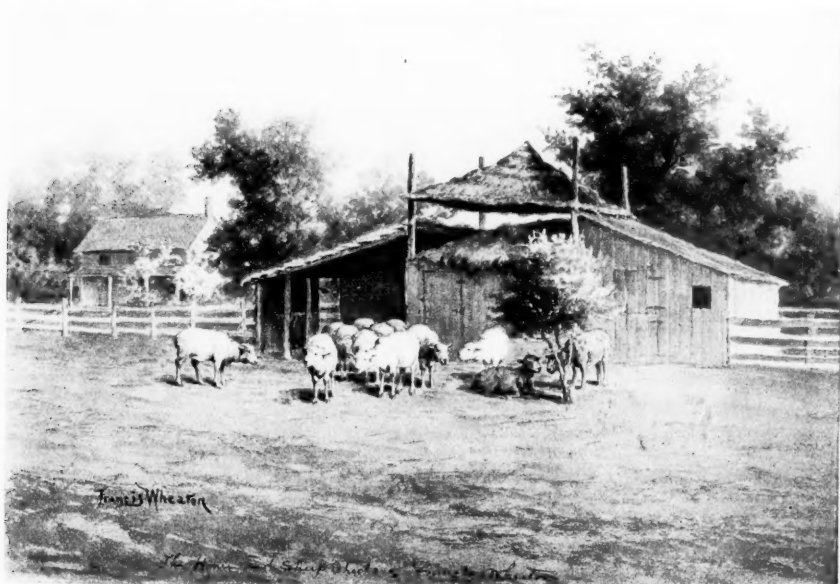
STUDIO OF WARREN SHEPPARD.

everywhere, and you can never tell, when you set out for a few miles stroll, whether you will encounter a village picnic or a summer art school by the way. The scenery is charming. The Sound on one side shows splendid water views. The country inland has every desirable quality; and the humblest village gardens burgeon with a splendor of old-fashioned flowers which all the costly conservatories in the world



WHERE J. L. FRANCE SKETCHES.

could not surpass. In these gardens the sun-flower erects a haughty head, happily unconscious of the fact that some day soon he will be decapitated, that his seed may fatten chickens. The hollyhock is not yet out of fashion here, there are scents



HOME AND SHEEP-SHEDS OF FRANCIS WHEATON.

of geranium in the air, roses blow such as you cannot buy at any city florist's shop, and there are beds where flourish sweet-lavender, and sage, and thyme, which you can smell as you go by. Even in the heart of the biggest of these north shore towns you find yourself suddenly in the country, where sunbonnets have not been replaced by Paris fashioned hats, and where calico has not been superseded by ready-



WHERE ELLA F. FELL SKETCHES.

made toilettes from the drygoods bazaars. All the elements hereabouts are possessed of the qualities which attract the artist. The village street, the village grocery, the village tavern, the village kitchen or parlor, are equally rich in suggestive revelations, while all nature out of doors invites him. But best of all, this



JOSEPH GREENWOOD'S STUDIO.

part of Long Island has almost entirely escaped the blight of arbitrary fashion. There is here none of the idle midsummer show of the stylish summer resort, such as you are likely to encounter on the Atlantic shore. Nobody stares at you as you lug your paint-box and easel and stool, in your well-worn suit and with your dingy sun-umbrella. But when a regulation summer tourist appears, in irreproachable outing style, the whole community turns out to resent the offence. The writer was once sitting an evening away, upon what is locally called "the porch" of a hostelry

not very remote from Setauket, when a superfluously elegant young man ascended the steps, and commanded the waiter, who was also the hostler and bartender of the establishment, to fetch him "a bottle of fizzy wine, and have it good and cold."

Mine host at this house of call was an ancient mariner, who had no respect for anything save the Bible, George Washington, and the Constitution of the United States. "Fetch him a stable-bucketful, Ike," said he, "from the hoss-trough."

The young man, who, it appeared, had wandered ashore from some yacht which had been cruising in the Sound, stared, then laughed at himself, and compromised on a bottle of beer.

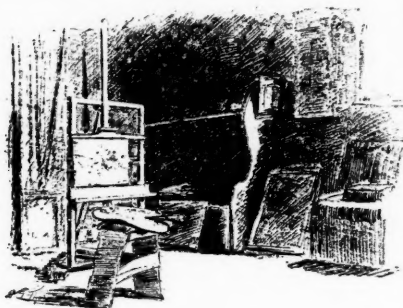


ALBERT D. BLASHFIELD'S "SEAMAN'S FARM."

generation found congenial scenes, in the fertile valleys of the Connecticut River and the minor streams; the cattle painter subjects in the rich meadows, shaded with clumps of willows, and dotted with groves of venerable elms; while to the painter of the figure the fishing settlements of the Sound shore were a perpetual delight. All of our



H. G. THOMSON'S HOME.



H. G. THOMSON'S HOME.

older artists, the Harts, J. G. Brown, H. W. Robbins, F. E. Church, and the rest, have summered hereabouts, and the newer generation more than justifies their choice.

Some, like Harriette Bowdoin, make their homes on abandoned farms. Hers is at Plymouth, Conn. Joseph H. Boston has his location at Old Lyme; P. E. Rudell at Rockledge, near Greenwich; John Rogers, the sculptor, at New Canaan.

A. D. Shattuck has for years had his summer home at Granby; H. D. Thompson is at Wilton, J. H. Witt at Southport, and Dawson-Watson, who is the son of one of the foremost modern painters and illustrators in England, J. D. Watson, at South Manchester. At Mianus we find Henry G. Fangel; at Greenwich, Charles A. Fiske; at West Cornwall, J. H. Moser; Leonard Ochtman is at Riverside, Rosalind C. Pratt



W. T. TREGO AT WORK. STUDYING A HORSE IN ACTION.

at her "Villa Vista" at Stony Creek, W. Merritt Post at Westbrook. Charles Lanman's summer home is on Block Island, and at Hamden, near Hartford, has for years been the residence and studio of the poet, engraver, artist, and littérateur, W. J. Linton.

Fine working ground in Rhode Island extends a cordial summer invitation to the artist. A. T.

Bricher, who has painted his way through New York and New

England, has found fresh stimulus at Sakonnet Point, near Little Compton, and here, too, Sidney Richmond Burleigh, of Providence, spends his outdoor months.

The summer home of Samuel Colman has long been at Newport, and at Newport, too, William T. Richards has his studio, and has found some of his finest subjects of sea and shore. The fash-

ionable life of the splendid City by the Sea has

rendered it attractive, and profitable as well, to such portrait painters as Benjamin F. Porter and

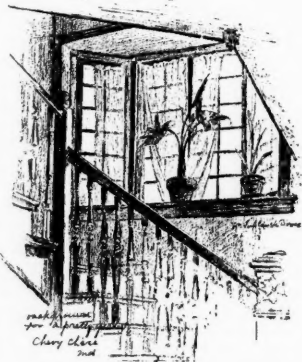
George Munzig, who have cottages and studios there, and the painter's easel and umbrella are as familiar among the fishermen and farmers about Narragansett Bay as

at Narragansett Pier and Newport itself.

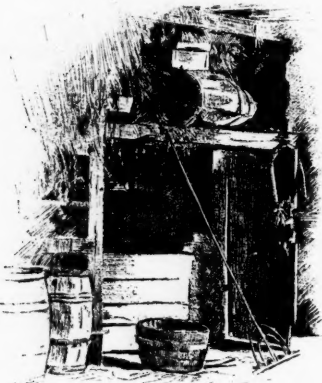
Massachusetts owns a summer population of artists of the first distinction. For twenty years and more, Eastman Johnson has had his home on Nantucket Island. Reginald Cleveland Coxe, who is now, unfortunately, invalidated by an accident in his New York studio, lived and painted



WHERE W. VERPLANCK BIRNEY SKETCHES.



WHERE W. VERPLANCK BIRNEY SKETCHES.



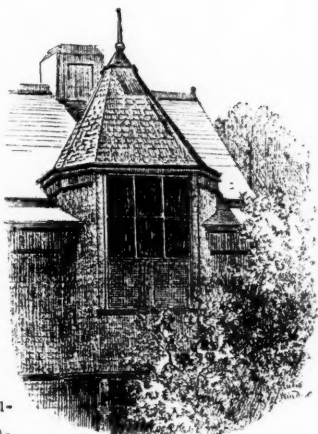
Drawn by W. D. Gould.  
WHERE EMILY P. MANN'S PUPILS SKETCH.



NEAR DAVID WILSON JORDAN'S HOME.

at Gloucester Point. Lucy Scarborough Conant has been working at East Gloucester, and at East Brewster, on Cape Cod, Leslie Cauldwell has his place, "Bonnie Doon;" Joe Evans is at Ashfield; M. F. H. de Haas locates himself at Marblehead Neck, Walter L. Dean at East Gloucester, George W. Flagg at Nantucket, J. T. Howe at Plymouth, C. W. Hudson at Hyde Park; Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Hulbert are at South Egremont, Edith Loring Getchell at Wollaston Heights, H. Greenwood at Warwick, David Wilson Jordan at Annisquam, Cape Ann, M. L. Macomber at Waverly, Walter Nettleton at Stockbridge, and Will S. Robinson has Stephen

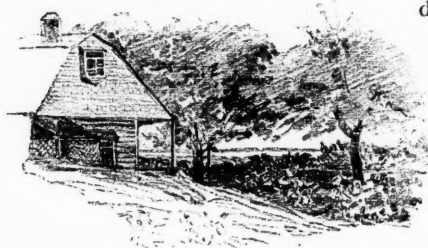
Parrish's studio at Annisquam.



WORDSWORTH THOMPSON'S STUDIO WINDOW.

Miss Frances B. Townsend is at Ipswich, Fanny W. Tewkesbury at East Gloucester, and Dwight W. Tryon has a home and studio at South Dartmouth.

Josephine M. Cook is at Montpelier, Vt., Edward Payne at Woodstock, Charles A. Platt at Windsor, and



P. E. RUDELL'S HOME.

Stanley Middleton has discovered a predestined location at Highgate Farms. In New Hampshire, A. T. Van Laer has a place at New London. The popular appreciation for mountain pictures has gone out of date in favor of less grandiose scenes. The public which grew enthusiastic over Frederick E. Church's



J. CAMPBELL PHILLIPS' SUMMER WORK.



JASPER F. CROPSEY'S DOOR-YARD.

"Heart of the Andes," the great Rocky Mountain series of Albert Bierstadt, and the representations of the Yosemite and the California Sierras of J. J. Hill, is not active in this generation; but New Hampshire still attracts a number of artistic pilgrims to her White Hills.

One of the greatest and most orig-

inal of American artists, Winslow Homer, has a home and studio at Kennebunkport, Me., R. W. Vonnob is at South Poland, famous for its mineral springs, A. F. Tait at Lubec, Ilona Rado at North Haven, William M. J. Rice at South Berwick, Charles Copeland at Thomaston, E. E. Lampert at Kennebunkport, Emily Percy

Mann at  
Bowery

Beach. Moreover, there are always artists cruising, singly or in parties, among the Maine islands, some making their homes on their yachts, others camping ashore, or finding quarters among the fishermen. The great attraction of Maine to the artist is provided by its coast, rather than the interior. The sea, the rugged shores it beats upon, the brave and hardy men who battle with the waters for a subsistence, and the strong and handsome women who seem born to become mothers of a race of Vikings, offer a reple-



WHERE ROLLAND H. LIVINGSTONE SKETCHES.

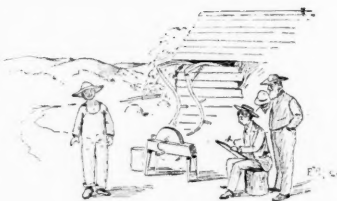
tion of pictures. The fashionable summer-maker has found a lodgement at Bar Harbor and a couple of other places, but the real life of the coast goes on quite independent of this element.

The artistic settlement of New Jersey has been rapid of recent years. The home of the late George Inness was at Montclair, and here reside his son, and his son-in-law, Jonathan Scott Hartley, the sculptor. The only surviving founder of the National Academy of Design, Thomas Seir Cumming, is still liv-

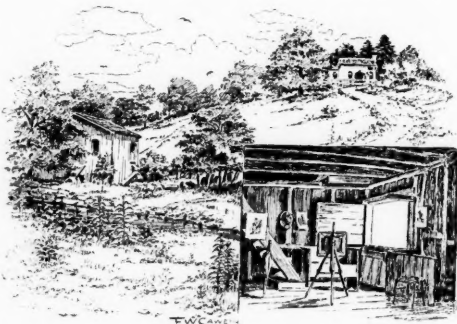


Drawn by Dexter B. Dawes.

STUDIO OF MOYLAN LANSDALE.



EDWARD PAYNE'S STUDIO.



STUDIO OF F. W. CAWEIN.

ing, at the age of ninety years, at Hackensack. One of the most popular illustrators of his day, Sol Eytinge, has his home at Bayonne; Daniel Kotz is at Park Ridge; E. J. Meeker has built himself a house at Shark River; Mary U. Whitlock has a studio near Princeton; August Will sketches along Newark Bay or the Meadows; E. Durand Chapman's home, "Elmwood," is at

Irvington; G. A. Evans is at Elberon; Paul de Longpré's cottage is at Short Hills; and Jerome L. G. Ferris flies from the heat of Philadelphia to Cape May Point. Archie Gun lives at Bergen Point, Miss M. Nelson at West Side, J. Campbell Phillips at Long Branch, William Sartain has been working at Ridgefield, Miss Ida E. Sylvester at Passaic, Robert G. Sprunk is at Ridgefield, and Emile Stangé, in West Hoboken, has an ideal summer studio in a suburb full of charms. At Summit Wordsworth Thompson escapes metropolitan torridity; Miss Electa L. Armour is at Chapel Hill, Rud. F. Bunner at Avon-by-Sea, Mil-



ONE OF CHARLES A. FISKE'S SKETCHES.

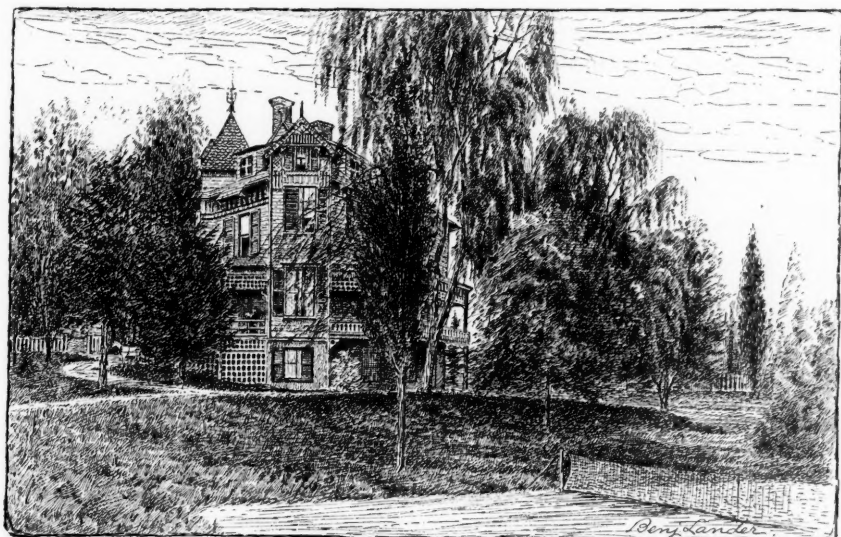
ton Bancroft has done much summer work at Avalon, E. R. Bowditch's summer home is a canoe and tent. In Bergen County Alexander Schilling has his home at

Little Ferry, and C. Harry Eaton and Joseph Lauber are settled at Leonia. The veteran steel engraver and etcher, Samuel Hollyer, owns a country place near Guttenberg.

At the time when the doctrines of practical community of labor and living were propounded in France by Fourier, they excited extensive discussion in this country, and a society was organized to put them to the test. This society subscribed the requisite sum to create a communal colony, and erected its buildings some miles



ONE OF H. M. ROSENBERG'S SUMMER SKETCHES.



BENJAMIN LANDER'S HOME AT NYACK.

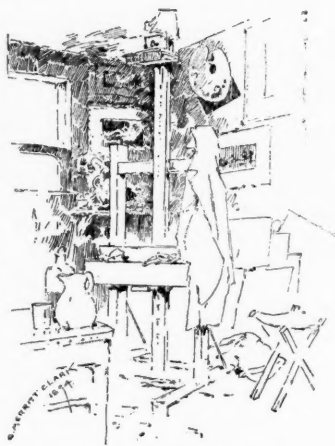
from Red Bank, N. J. They gave the place the title of Phalanx, and this it still retains. The experiment proved a failure, and the society was disbanded, but Phalanx remains, and has served as a summer home for many artists. Among those who lived there in the past, H. Pruett Share and M. J. Burns, are widely known as illustrators. They married the daughters of Albert R. Waud, who was, in his day, one of our pioneer draughtsmen

on wood. At present Phalanx has two well-known artist residents, W. S. Bucklin and

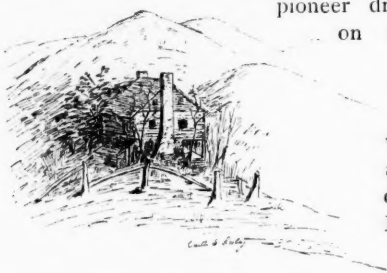
C. D. Sauerwein. A few miles away, in the Shrewsbury River country, James Symington has discovered a quaint colony of fisher-folk,

descendants of French immigrants, which has charmed him to do some summering thereabouts.

Julian Rix, who once made Paterson, N. J., his home, now breaks his summers up by wanderings in various directions, but still does much sketching in his old field. Indeed, once a painter has learned the capacities of Jersey in the way of material, he is not likely ever to entirely abandon it. There is an amazing variety to



A CORNER OF G. MERRITT CLARK'S STUDIO.



WHERE EDITH S. LESLEY WORKS.



ROBERT G. SPRUNK'S STUDIO HOME.



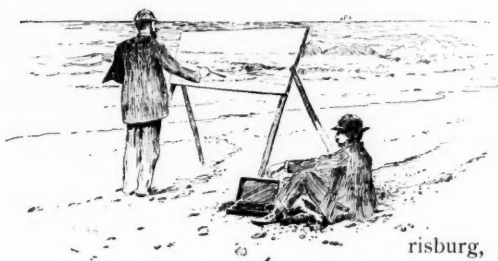
WALTER C. HARTSON'S BARN-YARD SKETCHES.

the scenery, within a comparatively small area of country, and the facilities of access are equally inviting. George Inness invariably returned to it for subjects, no matter in what direction he might wander for a change of scene. Some of the most successful pictures of H. Bolton Jones originated here. Indeed, there are few artists in New York, among our painters of landscape at least, who have not worked this ever fertile field.

At Plymouth Meeting, Pa., is the summer home and studio of Thomas Hovenden and his wife, Helen C. Hovenden. Near here, at Corson's, Katharine Langdon Corson has her house. Thomas C. Corned is working in the Blue Ridge, in Franklin County. Walter M. Dunk is at Bushkill, in Pike County, J. Wesley Little at Picture Rocks, William Levin at Lackawanna, Edith S. Lesley at Chambersburg, W. M. Lansdale at Ridley Creek, fifteen miles from Philadelphia, and the delightful studio of James D. Smillie is at Montrose, in

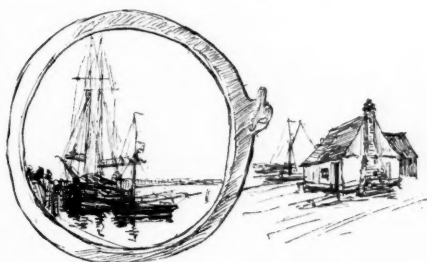


JAMES W. PATTISON'S WORKING GROUND.

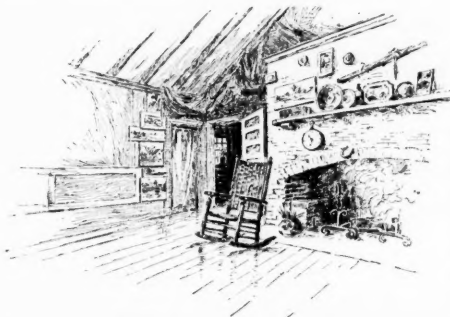


A. T. MILLAR OCEAN SKETCHING.

of Philadelphia, T. Addison Richards has his summer home at Dingman's Ferry, in Pike County, W. M. Goodes is at Roxborough, a delightful spot in close contiguity to the historic Wissahickon, Claude Raguet Hurst at Lake Fidlersking, in Pike County, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allison Hayes at Lanarch, near Philadelphia. The surroundings



EDWARD A. BELL'S SUMMER HOMES.



EDWARD LOYAL FIELD'S STUDIO.

Susquehanna County. Some twenty miles from Philadelphia, at North Wales, William T. Trego has a summer home and studio, though most of his painting is done out of doors, where his military models can have free play. D. Burleigh Parkhurst is at work near Harrisburg, along the Susquehanna River, Frederick L. Pitts works in the vicinity

of the Quaker City are so full of pictures that the local artists do not need to go far afield for subjects. The Pittsburg painters, who number many men and women of ability, likewise work mainly around their own city. John W. Beatty has a summer studio and home in one of the suburbs.

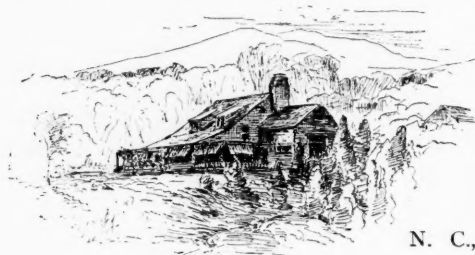
When one turns farther south and west, the spread of the artistic army

dwindles. At Claymont, in Delaware, the widow of the famous illustrator F. O. C. Darley resides. B. D. Payne, of that place, does his summer work about home. Howard Pyle lives and works in Wilmington, F. T. Richards during the summer has his home in Maryland, in a farmhouse built a century and a half ago, on the banks of the Susquehanna; Bertha E. Perrie works about Washington, D. C., and William Verplanck Birney has his summer home at "Chevy Chase," near the same city. Richard N. Brooke, of Washington, summers in Virginia, his native State, as does



HARRY ROSELAND'S CATBOAT.

W. L. Shepherd, of Richmond. Florence Mackubin, the miniature and portrait painter, has her home and studio at Annapolis, Md., as does also Frank B. Mayer. C. H. L. Macdonald does his summer work in Virginia, near Washington, and E. C. Messer at Anacostia. Frank L. Fithian is at Statesville, N. C., and Elliott Daingerfield has his



STUDIO OF R. M. SHURTLEFF.

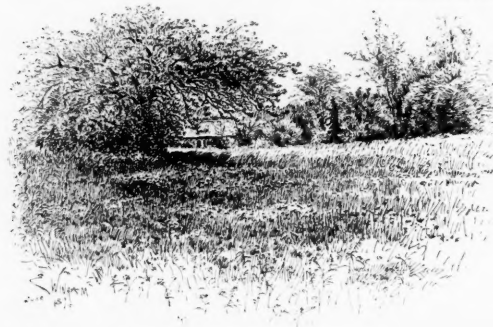
home, "Edgewood," at Blowing Rock, among the mountains in the western part of the same State. Jules Guerin seeks his summer material among the wild Smoky Mountains of Kentucky, Louise L. Huestis goes as far south as New Orleans and Mobile, P. R. Calvert is at Nash-



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES A. HULBERT'S STUDIO.

ville, Tenn., E. W. Dewing is studying the Pueblo Indians in Mexico, Anna E. Klumpke is in Kentucky. One of the most original of our summer studios is that of F. M. Cawein, of Louisville, Ky. It is an old mill, situated some fifteen miles from that city.

There has been a merry camp of Chicago painters and

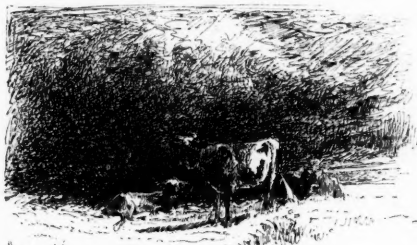


WHERE EDMUND WINHAM SKETCHES.

sculptors at Bass Lake, Ind. It comprised, among others, Charles Francis Browne, H. A. Macneil, Lorado Taft, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kemeys, and the Misses C. E. Brooks and Bessie Potter. Carrol M. Albright has been working at Detroit and Mackinac, Mich.; J. Clarence Ball at South Bend, Ind.; Joseph P. Birren at Bolland Lodge, St. Joe, Mich.; C. J. Budd at Racine, Wis.; E. A. Burbank at Rockford, Ill.; Florence Wales about



G. MERRITT CLARK'S STUDIO.



Drawn by Charles A. Fiske.

CATTLE ON THE HEATH.

Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Russell Wray in Colorado, and Birge Harrison and Albertine Randall Wheelan at Santa Barbara, Cal. Rolland H. Livingstone has been among the Sierras in California, Grace Hudson at Ukiah, in the same State, De Cost Smith in the State of Washington. Otto Stark has made Indianapolis, Ind., his headquarters, M. Emma Roberts has been working at Lake Minnetonka, Minn.,

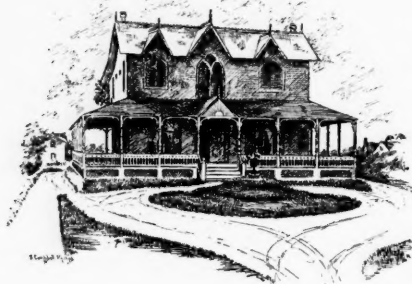


SOME OF HARRY ROSELAND'S SUMMER WORK.

Professor James William Pattison is cruising the New England coast in his yacht, Helen E. Keep is at Detroit, Mich., H. G. Maratta in Wisconsin, Oscar R. Coast in California, Oscar Lowell at Lake Delavan, Wis., Harry Fenn traversing

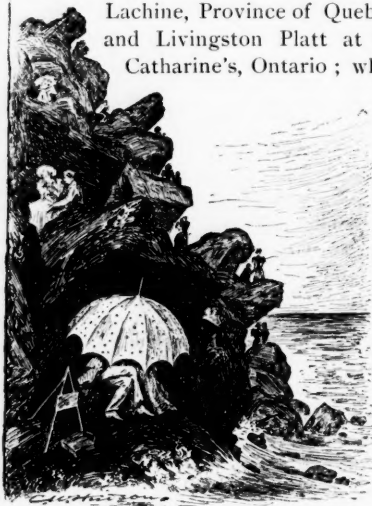


P. R. CALVERT'S STUDIO.



J. CAMPBELL PHILLIPS' SUMMER HOME.

Bicknell, and J. A. S. Monks, have provided the artist colony for Cushings Island, Me. M. McConnell has been in the Blue Hills, forty miles from Toronto, Ont. Chester Loomis is at Round Lake, Saratoga County, N. Y. Mary M. Phillips has been sketching at Lachine, Province of Quebec, and Livingston Platt at St. Catharine's, Ontario; while



C. W. HUDSON'S SKETCH OF NEW ENGLAND'S COAST.

New England, Lydia Purdy Hess at St. Charles, Ill., F. W. Henrich at Detroit, Walter C. Hartson in his studio-boat on the Wisconsin River, Albert Hencke at his "Holly Cottage" at Arrochar Park, Staten Island, Robert Hinckley in Maine, and P. F. Goist, of Philadelphia, travelling as chance might decree. Herman Hartwick is another wanderer in quest of the picturesque, since his return from Europe. J. T. Beggs, E. M.



WHERE JAMES W. PATTISON SUMMERS.

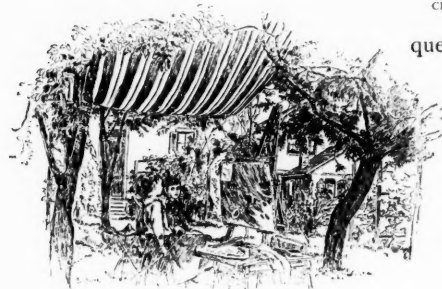
Henry B. Snell has found a field of operations at Pointe-a-Pic, on Murray Bay, in the Province of Quebec, and F. M. Howarth, the caricaturist, has been at his cottage at Ocean Grove, N. J. Mary Read Sherman's home and studio, "Pepperbox," are at Thompson, Conn.

As may be observed from this, necessarily only partially complete, list, the distribution of our artistic contingent which does its summering at home covers the whole country. There are painters at work in Florida, in spite of the season, for the market of the artist being found in the larger centres, and in winter, he can only

spare the dead business period of the year for his migrations. There are New York, Boston, and Philadelphia easels set up in Nova Scotia, in Newfoundland, in the wilds of the Canadian northwest within call of the surges of the Pacific. The palette and the sketch-book, with all that appertains thereto, girdle the coasts and penetrate to the remotest parts of the interior. So complete is the scattering of these summer workers that the



CHARLES A. FISKE'S SKETCH OF AN ARTIST AT WORK.



OTTO STARK'S COTTAGE HOME.

sketching. Poverty is the reason with some; a spirit of independence with others. Whatever the moving cause may be the result is the same.

What is this band of jolly young men, plodding a dusty country road, each laden with the paraphernalia of his craft? It is a commonwealth of students, going forth

question no longer is, where will you find an artist when the city studios are closed, but where will you not find one?

One development of the quest for summer study has been the summer art schools and classes, through which groups of students are gathered at various places, under the direction of certain masters. But there are also classes of students who acknowledge allegiance to no master when they go



J. A. S. MONK'S STUDIO.



T. J. FOGARTY'S SKETCH AT GRANGER'S POINT.

to study in its own way. The common purse may be a meagre one. It generally is. But when one is willing to live cheaply, one need never starve by the way. There are worse places to sleep in than barns, and worse beds than can be found by grassy roadsides, when the nights are clear. What are these tents in the grove, and

who these merry young women making tea at a camp-fire? It is the bivouac of a party of girls from the Blank Art School, out for a summer vacation. How many hundreds of these young people must there be scattered the land just now!

It is almost incredible at what little expense of money such parties may be

carried out. Good-will, a light heart, and an honest purpose for diligence and improvement are their chief capital. Next is the avoidance of beaten tracks, where much travel has made living comparatively costly. The writer was this summer spending a few days with a friend who has a country place in New Jersey, on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Southward,

wagon-roads meander to

the very limit of the State.

He was out for a morning stroll before break-

fast, when, at a cross-road grocery, he came upon three young fellows, seated on the porch, breakfasting off crackers and cheese. They were dusty enough, and shabby enough, and hungry enough, to judge by the zest with which they consumed their frugal fare, but they jested between mouthfuls. Some

*Drawn by Anna Gormley.*

MRS. M. E. DIGNAM'S HOME.

battered tin paint-boxes and queer bundles done up in newspapers, were piled upon the porch behind them.

They were, one of them explained, just finishing a four-weeks' tramp. They had set out from New York, and travelled on foot into the wildest parts of southern New Jersey, and were now on their way back. Their entire, combined capital, at the start, had been \$35, and they had a-plenty of it left to ride home upon, but they preferred to walk. They



A. T. VAN LAER'S STUDIO.



J. F. BIRREN'S "BOLAND LODGE."



WHERE EDMUND WINHAM SKETCHES.

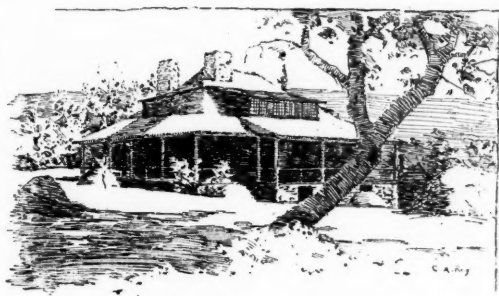
had been sketching by the way, and the work they showed was cleverly done. Their means, they explained, had been rigidly economized. Sometimes the farmers to whom they applied for shelter had given it without charge. At others a sketch of the house, or of the



STUDIO OF GEORGE A. REID'S PUPILS.

pleasant"—nor, one might add, as profitable.

On one of the roads leading from Philadelphia into the beautiful Chester County country, the writer arrived one evening, on his return from a journey in the saddle, at an old tavern which had a place in Revolutionary records, and where he proposed to spend the night. Upon the broad veranda he found some loungers



GEORGE A. REID'S STUDIO.

master or mistress, or the pet child, had been accepted for cash. When charge was made it was never excessive. "It would," said one of them, "have been more comfortable to travel in a parlor-car, but not nearly as

ELFIELD STUDIO  
NUTLEY, N.J.

EDWARD LOVAL FIELD'S STUDIO.



INTERIOR OF EDWARD LOVAL FIELD'S STUDIO.

admiring the old swinging sign-board, which had been so newly painted that the color was yet wet. It had been very well painted, too, and the writer asked who had done it. "A wandering artist," said the landlord, "a nice young chap, who is tramping it to Philadelphia and is out of money. He is having his supper now, and is to sleep here, have breakfast in the morning, and a couple of dollars for the job."

This youngster was a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of

Fine Arts, and is now a well-known and prosperous man. He had taken a fancy to visit Washington, and, as he could only scrape a few dollars together, had walked there. He had examined the city, and, nearly penniless, had started on his return. This was the second old sign he had repainted, and on the proceeds he fared gayly back to his city garret and his work at the Academy.

A Philadelphia artist, of

merited reputation in his day, Thomas Sully, once informed the writer that, in his youth, he made an extended journey through Virginia and lived by painting por-

traits at \$5 apiece. He had then enjoyed no education in art, but he had contrived to master some of the rudiments, beside which, he added, his patrons knew even less than he. But the world has grown wiser since then. The very spread of summer art study has given rise to a taste for art in remote places, which once only existed in the larger communities. The migratory artist has, probably without knowing it, and certainly without hoping it, inspired, in previously uneducated minds, a certain sympathy with his



JAMES W. PATTISON'S SKETCHING PLACE.

work, by rendering people familiar with it. He has provided an effective object-lesson, whose fruits must be obvious to all who have noted the growth throughout the country of art associations and schools, and the wider and ever wider distribution of the products of the easel.

The artist of to-day no longer rests under the popular stigma of chronic pauperism; he is no longer regarded as a mere visionary, incapable of decently caring for himself. Even that portion of the public which cannot understand his art is compelled to respect him, with his summer home and his winter studio, his faculty for enjoying his holiday without ceasing to enjoy his work, the courage of his opinions, which never fails to carry conviction in the end.



F. M. HOWARTH'S COTTAGE AT OCEAN GROVE.



FRANK ALLISON HAYS'S STUDIO.

## A FOREGROUND FIGURE

BY MARGUERITE TRACY.

*Illustrated by students of three summer art schools.*

"The world is so full of a number of things  
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

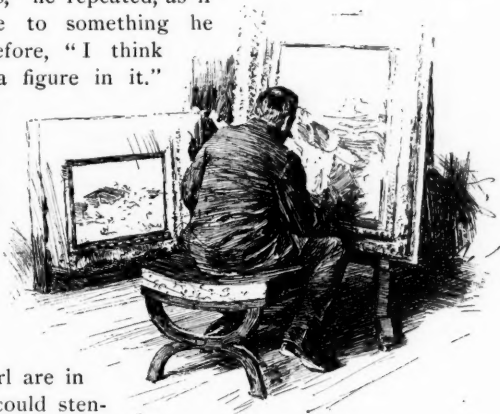


*Drawn by Howard  
Chandler Christy.*  
TRIM SUNDAY GIRLS.

another girl asked, softly.  
"You know Harry Aldrich  
says she isn't coming this  
summer because she never  
sees a paintable spot but that  
Hammersley and some pretty girl are in  
the foreground. She says she could stencil  
them in and save time, only it's always a  
new girl."

"So," said Mr. Chase, smiling, "Hammersley is responsible for my having to repeat every Monday morning that this is not a picture factory, that you are here to make studies, to learn how to make pictures later. I'll have to have a talk with Hammersley."

While he was speaking, a tall, sweet-faced girl, who had been standing outside



*Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.*

"HE SAT DOWN BEFORE THE CANVAS A MOMENT."



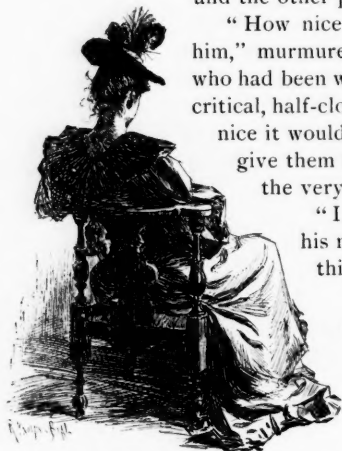
*Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.*

THE ART VILLAGE, SHINNECOCK HILLS.



*Drawn by Reynolds Beal.*

"A TALL, SWEET-FACED GIRL ENTERED AND SAT DOWN ATTENTIVELY."



*Drawn by Reynolds Beal.*

"HER BACK WAS TOWARD HAMMERSLEY AND THE OTHER PUPILS."

the open door, entered, and sat down attentively. "I think Mr. Hammersley feels his shortcomings," she said, "he's going to Mr. Robinson's to-morrow." A conscious look passed round the group of faces. Joyce Covington was engaged to Hammersley.

"Speaking of angels," cried someone, and they turned gratefully to the picture in the doorframe. The shadow of approaching figures had come in.

"It was such a lonesome business starting out from the Art Village to say good-by, that I got Miss Burns to walk over with me," said Hammersley; and leaving his pretty companion, he went over to help Joyce who had risen to take off her wrap. They spoke a word or two, and then catching something that Miss Burns was saying, Joyce crossed to the group around her.

When she sat down again her back was toward Hammersley

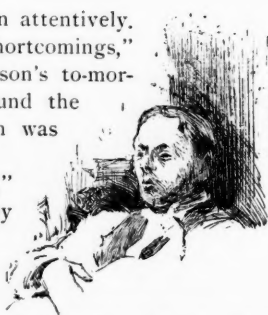
and the other pupils.

"How nice it would be of him," murmured a young man who had been watching through critical, half-closed eyes; "how nice it would be of him to hunt out the timid new girls and give them the counter-signs, if he didn't always chance upon the very pretty ones."

"I can't see what's the trouble with Joyce," returned his neighbor, "she's too sensible to mind that sort of thing. I wish Harry Aldrich were here."

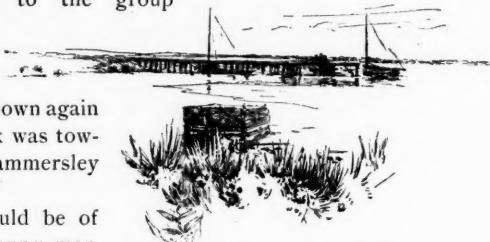
"— Without her 'coon," supplied the critical young man.

Two days later a young man who sat sketching on the Connecticut shore, saw a young woman come walking calmly beachward through the water. A small living object occupied the stern seat of a rowboat she was towing. The shyest of young men would have gone to her assistance, but the young woman said,



*Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.*

"WITHOUT HER 'COON," SUPPLIED THE CRITICAL YOUNG MAN.



*Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.*

ON THE CONNECTICUT SHORE.

"Don't be alarmed about me. Ticonderoga found the boat too small for both of us. He wanted a chance to paint."

The young man looked at the raccoon that was daintily dipping paint from a palette with his paw to decorate himself. Then the young man looked at the girl in the water.

"Are you—are you a pupil of Mr. Twachtman's?" he asked, blankly.

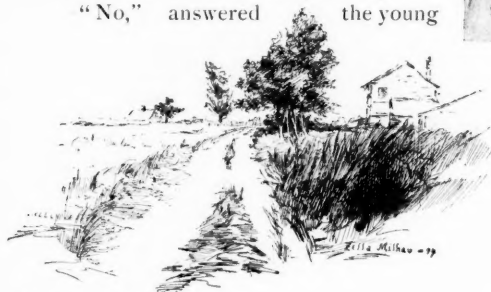
"No," answered the young



From a painting by Helen Pupke.

"YOU'RE VERY KIND," SAID YOUNG CAIRN, HEARTILY.

woman, "my people are staying here this summer; my name is Aldrich. I meant to go into Mr. Twachtman's class, but mamma says I must give Tyke here a change, so I'm going down to Princeton, to study with Mr.



Drawn by Zella Milhau.

AN UNFREQUENTED ROAD.

Robinson. I used to go to Shinnecock, but the 'coon has bitten everybody there."

"Are there many men in the summer



Drawn by Hobart Smith.

THE OLD COS COB MILL.

classes?" the stranger asked, with diffidence.

"Of course," answered Miss Aldrich. "Why? Were you afraid to join?"

"I always see plenty of girls sketching," he returned, evasively. "My name is Cairn—Olin Cairn. I have been thinking of joining."

"It would do you a world of good," she said frankly, glancing at his canvas.

"Mr. Twachtman is very particular about form. For instance, take that spray of leaves; he would want you to give your whole attention to that, and to have each leaf so perfect that a botanist could find no flaw in it. And there's another thing: your color's low in tone. Your green there ought to be almost clear color



Drawn by Zella Milhau.

"AND I HAD MEANT TO SKETCH THOSE POPLARS."

—now Coonie here has hit it just right on his shoulder. I wish you'd go to criticism to-day, you'll have to hurry to get there, but go by all means, and I will meet you. Hold Coon a minute while I tie my boat, and then I must go home and change my clothes. But I'll be there."

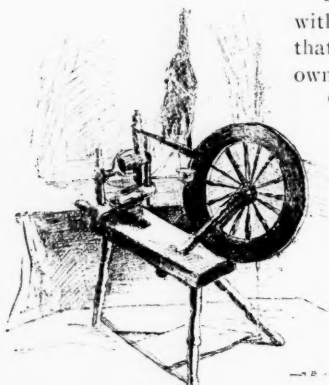
She spoke with an authority that carried its own weight.

"You are very kind," said young Cairn, heartily, "and I will go."

Miss Aldrich hastened home by cross-ways, past farm-houses and the old Cos Cob mill. Once she started to take an unfrequented road and was frightened back by the sound of wheels.

"It's always the same," she heard a girl's voice say, impatiently.

"You don't try to make him go; let me drive. You don't say a word to him."



*Drawn by A. B. Comly.*

"HE'S VERY HARD ON VARNISH."



*Drawn by Hobart Smith.*

PAST FARM-HOUSES.



*From a painting by J. W. Lumsden.*

"ONE OF THEM WAS POSING."



*Drawn by Cora Callender.*

EVELYN COLLEGE.

"You don't think I'm going to say anything to a horse when I have a girl to talk to?" Miss Aldrich knew that voice. Looking out, she caught a glimpse of Hammersley, summer-clad and exquisite, driving with slackened reins, and casting amused side glances at a very pretty girl.

When they had passed she looked

exasperatedly at the bit of landscape in front of which the carriage had loitered. "And I've been meaning to sketch those poplars," she deplored.

She knew that Hammersley was on his way to see her, he probably wanted her to do something pleasant and sisterly for the girl. She turned straight back to Mr. Twachtman's class, just as she was, and offered Ticonderoga to be criticised.

At Evelyn College a few of Mr. Robinson's pupils were sketching on the lawn, where one of them was posing. Mr. Robinson himself was starting on a tour of criticism, and Harry Aldrich, who had arrived that day, came out and joined him.

"I found a spinning-wheel and tied Ticonderoga to it," she said, "because it hadn't any varnish. He's very hard on varnish."

"Ticonderoga?"

"Tie coon, the rogue, ah, I should have said. What a picturesque



*From a painting by A. M. Archer.*

THE BIG TREE.

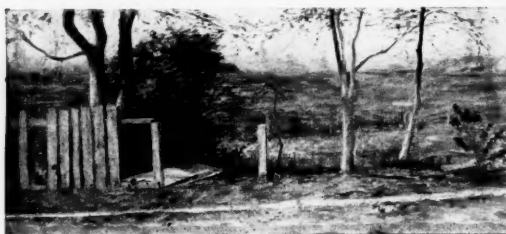


*From a painting by M. Agnes McCahill.*

THE APPLE ORCHARD.

shanty! Anybody working there? Where are they all?"

"There are some down here by the big tree," Mr. Robinson answered, "and I think some at the apple orchard, and some in the cabbage patch, and some beyond, and perhaps one or two down by the canal. They scatter so toward the end of the week. By the way, a friend of yours is here. No," he went on, coming to a student at her work, "I like to encourage the use of solid paint; if you lay



*From a painting by M. Agnes McCahill.*

ON THE ROAD TO THE CABBAGES.

"The light has changed a good deal since I began on it," she confessed.

"It often does," said Mr. Robinson, quietly. "Perhaps it would be good to take another canvas."

Miss Aldrich, looking about her, suddenly beheld Hammersley arranging an easel for the prettiest girl in the Princeton class. He saw her, too, and came over from a field on the



*From a painting by H. S. Peck.*

THE SHANTY.

it on thin it is apt to look so dry. Your color is a little gray," he added, "it doesn't give me the effect of sunlight."



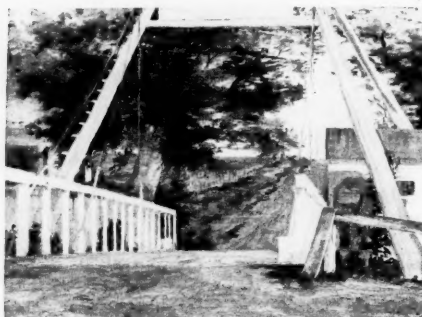
*From a painting by F. H. Wells.*

BEYOND THE CABBAGES.

road to the cabbages to meet her.

"Lafayette Hammersley," said Harry Aldrich, "if I were engaged to you and intended to marry you, I would have a nice little chain, so that I could drag you up to the altar without your getting away to accommodate somebody else's girl."

"If Joyce only wanted to drag me to the altar," exclaimed Hammersley, "but she don't. She treated me so



*From a painting by M. Agnes McCahill.*

DOWN AT THE CANAL.

coldly over there that I couldn't stay. I ran down to Mr. Twachtman's to see you, but——"

"But went driving with another girl."

"I didn't, I've known her always. She was passing and she took me in. Do you want me to be positively rude to every other woman? Joyce understands me,—but I can't understand her just now."

"Well, I do," said Miss Aldrich, decisively. "Joyce is simply tired of seeing you pose round in the foreground. She thinks, and I

think, that it's about time for you to get into the middle distance with her.

If you let some younger fellow have a chance he'll tend to the stray girls for you."

"I wonder if he would," said Hammersley.

"Now," she said, "I'm going to take you to Shinnecock. Then I'll come back and work."

Miss Aldrich had several things to see to



*From a painting by L. Hall.*

THE CABBAGE PATCH.

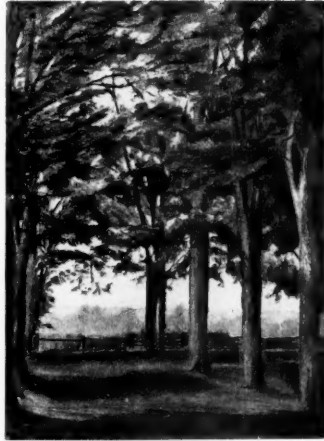
when they reached Shinnecock. To Joyce and Hammersley it did not seem that she was long. They were in the Art Village. From across the hills had come to them a sound of bells. Joyce drew her hand away from Hammersley, and lifting it for silence, she asked, "Why are they ringing?"

"Wedding!" cried Miss Aldrich, bursting in upon them. "Come along or you'll miss it. Everybody's going."

As if to testify, a hundred gypsy figures, trundling their canvas-laden express wagons, showed for a moment on the brow of a hill, then dipped out of sight toward the church.

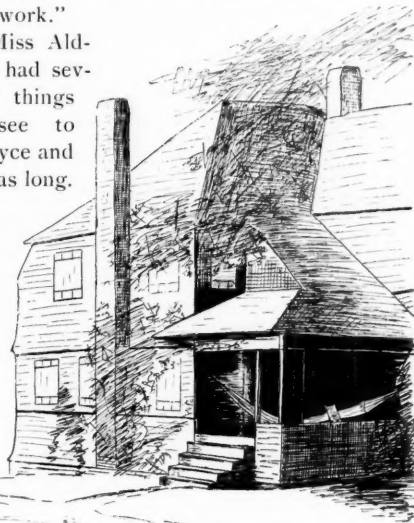
"In heaven's name," gasped Hammersley, "whose wedding is it?"

"Yours," said Harry Aldrich.



*From a painting by Cora Callender.*

THE COLLEGE LAWN.



*Drawn by Cora Callender.*

"I'll come back to Evelyn and work."

## TYROLEAN PEASANTRY

BY EDWARD KING.

*With original illustrations by Adolf Schlabit.*

FORTUNATE are the German artists who live in a world which is still picturesque; where peasants have not all taken to wearing hideous black coats and gaudy frocks, and where the soldier, in spite of the Prussian taste for the geometrical line, retains something of his mediæval dash and swagger. Every illustrated journal from the Fatherland, every painting which deals with human life in Germany, bears witness to the richness of material, the infinite variety of type, ready to the artist's hand.

A delicate and naïve sympathy pervades the work of these Teutonic poetizers of human beings. The German cannot always be credited with that quality which we call humor, and which bathes in a kind of shimmering light the American sketch from life. But he has a humor of his own, not at all like ours, not so dry and sparkling, but none the less enjoyable. He

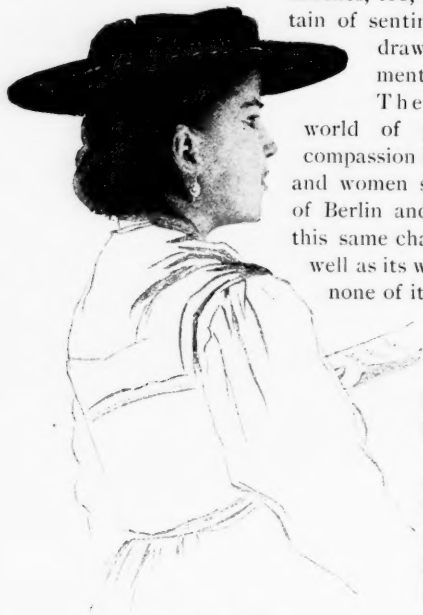
touches, too, the fountain of sentiment, and draws refreshment from it.

There is a world of pity and compassion in those wonderful figures of old peasant men and women so constantly found in the illustrated press of Berlin and Leipsic. The vagabond is sketched with this same charitable spirit. The poetry of childhood, as well as its wild waggishness, its charming abandon, loses none of its grace under the German pencil. That pungent and cynical satire which rises to the surface of all familiar drawings by Frenchmen illustrative of their own people, is lacking in the German, and he is all the better for the lack.

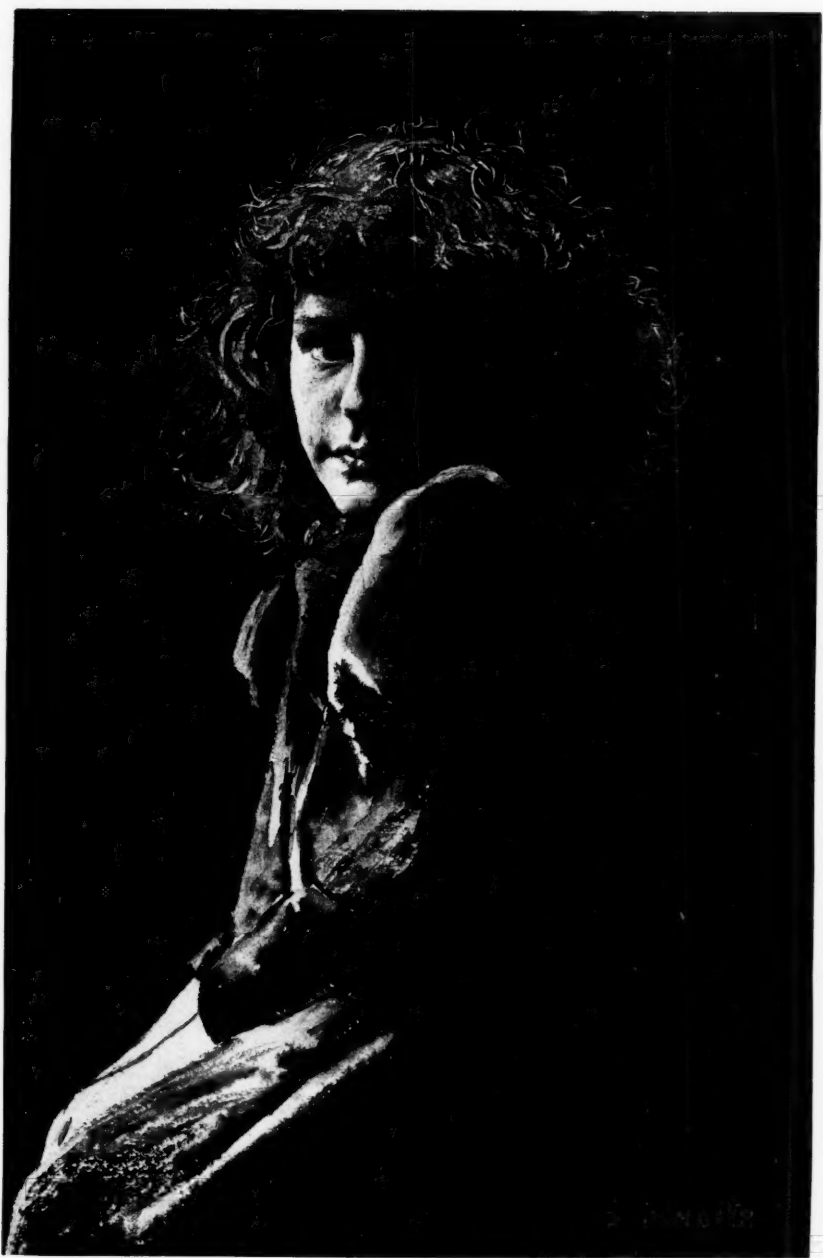
The good use which German artists make of these rich types is well instanced in the Tyrolean figures by Schlabit, printed with this article. How instinct with life they are! Here is no Berlin stiffness and dry cataloguing of detail, but genuine transcript of humanity, touched with sympathetic fire.



A MAIDEN OF TYROL.



TYROLEAN PEASANT.



A BAVARIAN CHILD.

## AMERICAN SCENERY

BY JAMES H. CHAPMAN.

*With original illustrations by Charles Lanman.*

It was when Washington Irving was speaking of Charles Lanman as an author, many years ago, that the latter was designated as the "Picturesque Explorer of the United States." It was that compliment, undoubtedly, that caused the author to utilize the pencil as well as the pen, and to produce a set of one thousand works of art which have attracted the attention of the public. They are attractive as works of the pencil, and unique as illustrating the scenery of the United States and a large



ON THE COAST OF MAINE.

part of Canada and New Brunswick. He was a lover of art from his childhood, and during a sojourn of ten years as a clerk in New York he began the use of the pencil as an amateur, and his friendly intercourse with Cole, Durand, Huntington, Church, and Kensett did much to make him a landscape-painter by profession. It was at



OLDEST HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES.

that time that he conceived the idea that an elaborate collection of sketches of American scenery ought to be produced, and appointing himself to that duty he travelled extensively into all the interesting regions of the country. His plan was to produce pictures of characteristic scenery, painted at one sitting, directly from nature. They were executed in oil, on tablets of oiled paper.

Among the pictures of his own painting which Mr. Lanman takes pleasure in exhibiting to his friends, because



TROUT BROOK.



ON THE JACQUES CARTIER RIVER, CANADA.

of certain incidents connected with them, are the following: "Indian Cabin at St. Paul, Minn.," which was painted when the artist could only secure for his supper a young raccoon which he had killed within the limits of the great city of to-day; "The Saguenay River in Canada," painted when the bark canoe was the only means of transportation on that river, and about which the artist was the first to publish a full description in a suc-



A FLORIDA LAGOON.

cessful volume; "Home of a Hermit Woman," which was painted on the South Potomac, in Western Virginia, the occupant being an old woman one hundred and twelve years of age, whose nearest neighbor was twenty miles away, who had herself built the rude fence around her cabin, and who claimed that she had frequently driven bears from her door with the handle of a



THE PASSING STORM.



HUNGRY AND COLD.



COAST OF THE BAY OF FUNDY.

broom; "Going West"—this was a prairie scene in Western Minnesota, with a train of cars crossing the plain and also a herd of buffaloes pursued by Indian hunters; when painted, this domain was inhabited by Indians, while to-day it is covered with highly cultivated farms; "Home of a Mississippi Planter"—this was a large log cabin on the borders of a primeval forest, the owner of which was worth \$200,000, yet lived here with a large family.

## MY SURPRISE PARTY

By HUGH M. EATON.



*Drawn by Harry Roseland.*

A DAMP AMUSEMENT.

I WAS engaged in putting the finishing touches to a drawing due on the following day, when the door opened and my friend Dick peered into the room.

"Hello, Mack! Busy?" he said, laying down a package and glancing over my shoulder. "Not half bad, but you draw thundering big."

"Can draw better, my boy," said I, slashing away at the background; "besides, I can't get as much 'slam-bang' in a little drawing. You see——"

Jingle went the door-bell, and in came my friend Smith.

"Hello, Smith, where did you hail from?" said I, as he came forward, leaving a package like my friend Dick's on the table.

"Howdy, howdy, all," said he, fishing out a pipe. "Had to stay in town and thought I'd run over."

"Seen *Life* this week? Plaguy good thing of Wenzell's in it."

"Well, by all that's odd, here's Prince Hal and Little Bodkins," and two more of my friends stalked into the room. A suspicion dawned upon me that I was the not unwilling victim of a hospitable conspiracy, especially as the packages had now increased to four.

The blending of some very questionably tuneful voices on the stairs announced more arrivals, and, the tally of guests being now apparently complete, sundry mysterious bottles manifested themselves in the good company of crackers and cheese,



*Drawn by Hugh M. Eaton.*

IMPUDENCE.

the customary extravagant dissipation of the fraternity, and gathering around the festive board (drawing-boards in lieu of a table-cloth) we discussed the beverage and the merits of recent reproductions.

"Speaking of newspaper illustrating, how do you like the way Zola's story has been illustrated?" said I.

"I should think it would make Zola's hair fall out," cried Dick.

"Oh! you poor scribbler, you don't know a good thing when you see it. All



*Drawn by O. W. Simons.*

THE WITCHES' DANCE.

sincerest form of flattery;" and so on flew the repartee, quicker and faster as the bottles were emptied.

A distant church-bell chimed midnight, and a simultaneous search for hats commenced.

The humpety bump of a cane, the slam of the door, and the rollicking voices grew faint and died away.

Some time later I arose from my drawing with a wet towel around my head, gazing at the completed drawing with a sigh of relief.



*Drawn by George W. Bardwell.*

TRIUMPH OF SIEGFRIED.

the boys are copying his style, and you know the old gag of imitation being the



*Drawn by O. W. Simons.*

A NIGHT OF BAD DREAMS.

*Drawn by Charles Knight.*

## MONDA

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

*Accompanied by illustrations from the Artist Lansing's portfolio.*

### II.—Continued.

THE lady of his vision, the girl he had seen last night under the moon-rays !  
How strange to meet her now, in this commonplace, accidental way !

"Schemerhorn, old man," said Lansing, with a step forward, grasping the rosy, stout idealist's hand, "I am glad to see you."

"Miss Morton," said the idealist, "let me present to you my friend, Mr. Lansing;" whereupon presentation took place, and Lansing became known.

"When did you come down, old fellow?" Schemerhorn asked.

"To-day."

"Ah ! That's good."

"Miss Morton," said Lansing, "allow me to present my friend, Mr. Raynor,"  
And Stephen, in his turn, became an acknowledged human being.

Introductions followed to Selden and to Monda, who was spoken of as "Miss Rhodes."

"How very charming all this is," remarked Selden, bashfully, and yet with an air



*From a painting by J. H. Sharp.*

WATCHING THE PANTOMIME.



*Drawn by A. Tresize Saunders.*

AN IDEAL HEAD.

of conviction that anything he might say carried a good deal of weight. "So quaint and novel! I would almost like to have a little place like this, myself."

"Why don't you?" Raynor asked. But Selden immediately glared at him in reproof, as though to say: "It's well enough for me to entertain that wish as a fancy, but what right have you to suggest that I should carry it out?"

"Oh, Mr. Selden," Monda struck in, gayly, "what a happy thought! We amateurs in art, with all our earnestness, need some great or else very simple touch of reality to give us power. If you had such a place as this, it might be a genuine inspiration!"

"No," Selden answered. "If I get inspiration it will not be from an old

kitchen and an empty hearth. It will be from some living person. It might be"—he hesitated—"from some ideal man or woman."

Raynor fancied that the young millionaire threw a great deal of meaning into this remark, as he fixed his eyes upon Monda's. But she seemed to be quite unconscious of its application.

"Mr. Raynor," she said, turning to Stephen, "although we have never met before, I have seen some of your work in painting and modelling. I hope you haven't altogether abandoned it."

"No, Miss Rhodes, I can assure you I haven't," he answered. "In fact, I have just decided to begin again; and I think *now* there may be some hope for me."

"Ah, then you are beyond me," said Monda, smiling. "I go on working, but I can't accomplish anything. There is no hope for *me*. I don't succeed in drawing or painting; and, what is worse, the sketch club continually ask me to pose for them; and yet, when I do so, none of them can make anything—



*Drawn by Christina Gastmann.*



TELLING THE GOOD QUALITIES OF HIS PET.

either in black and white, or color, that they are satisfied with."

"I don't wonder," Stephen blurted out, rather stupidly, but with utmost earnestness.

Selden and Dora Morton looked horrified; while Schemerhorn, the idealist, pursed his lips into a cynical smile, and Lansing whispered to Raynor: "Hullo, you're about as bad as I am."

But, instead of showing any trace of hurt vanity, Monda said: "Of course, I am of no use to art, in any way. Yet something compels me to devote myself to it, just the same. I have heard, Mr. Raynor, that you have had this same kind of feeling about your own work, although some of it seems to me so fine. It's a comfort to have companions in misfortune."

Lansing burst into frank laughter. "Well, for downright candor, you are a pair!" he shouted, genially. "If ever I heard two such speeches——"

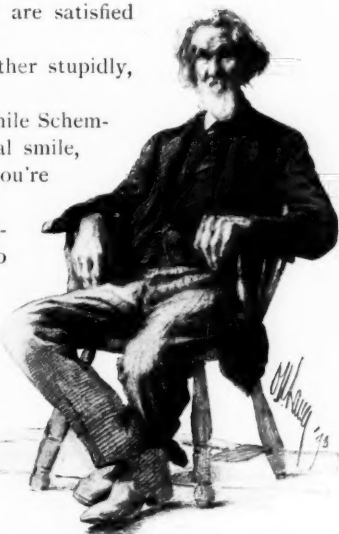
It did sound, indeed, as though Monda had said something rather severe. Schemerhorn, Miss Morton, and Selden rearranged their countenances a little, and brought their expression of disapproval to bear on Monda, this time.

Stephen, however, was not at all disturbed. "You spoke of the touch of reality just now," he said. "If you will permit me to call upon you, Miss Rhodes, with Mr. Lansing, while I am here in Easthampton, I should be very glad to try modelling a portrait-head of you."

It was a hardy suggestion, most astonishing to Dora Morton and to Selden. If conventional manners had permitted, they would have opened their mouths in surprise as wide as the gaping fireplace. But since nothing of this kind could be done, their lips remained close and prim.

"I shall be glad to see you and Mr. Lansing," said Monda; "but I warn you that if you attempt to make a portrait of any kind, it will be a disheartening experience."

She smiled gently, as a child might, nodding her head a little. Then Ray-



*Drawn by O. N. Lang.*

IN THE WINTER OF LIFE.



*From a painting by J. Campbell Phillips.*

SAMBO.



Drawn by Harry S. Watson.

TAKING IT EASY.

plexioned man, dressed in soft flannels and cheerful "blazer," who was turning in at that lane. "By all the maritime saints!" he exclaimed in a subdued voice to his comrade; "there is the sailor-man of the sloop who watched Wakeman and me so carefully yesterday; and he is in disguise!"

The presence of this suspicious character gave Raynor a tingle of surprise and interest. "He must not see *me*, Lansing," he said, quickly; "but we ought to see more of *him*. Wakeman is decidedly a mystery, and this fellow is even more obscure, because he's the shadow of that. Depend upon it, he is the man who was tracking my *compagnon de voyage* through the woods last night. You go in to the tennis ground and find out something about him."

As Lansing was athletic, fond of sport, and a member of the tennis club, he found it easy to make acquaintance with the stranger, whom he invited to play, and discovered to be handy enough with his racket.

"He gave his name," he afterward explained to Raynor, when they met at the Driscoll lodging, "as Mr. Emery—Waldo Emery."

"It sounds distinguished, certainly."

"Yes; and he seemed a gentlemanly sort of fellow."

"Cultivated?" asked Stephen.

nor and Lansing bade the group good-afternoon and passed out from the house. Even in the broad sunshine Raynor still fancied that he could see before him the delicate, firm figure of Monda, in her dress of heliotrope tints, with violet silk in a puffed collar round her throat, and a falling bit of lace. "Is it the same Monda," he wondered; "the same that I saw last night?"

He had wholly forgotten Wakeman until, when Lansing and he came opposite the entrance to the lawn-tennis club-grounds, he suddenly caught sight of a wiry, bronze-com-



Drawn by F. C. Gordon.

SATURDAY MORNING'S WORK.

*Drawn by Culmer Barnes.*

REAL AND IDEAL.

"Well, that's hard to answer," Lansing parried him. "Culture, now, seems to be grown in market-gardens and supplied in bulk. People get an outfit of manners, which they hire by the day or week, you may say, as easily as they hire costumes for a masked ball. Perhaps it's because the manners of 'good society' are so wretchedly rude that they are so easy to imitate."

"All of which doesn't seem to answer my question," said Raynor. "But if the distinguished Emery is a gentleman to-day, either he is playing a part now, or he was playing one on the sloop. I've got it, old man! He's a detective."

"Quite likely," Lansing returned. "He didn't tell much about himself, and I learned that he was staying at a small farm-house on the outskirts of the village. But whom or what is he detecting? as the German phrase-book would say."

"Ah, that's for Wakeman to tell us, if he is the person Emery is hunting. By the way, what has become of Wakeman? Let's go out and find him."

Lansing consented readily; but it was another matter to carry out this happy thought. Days passed, and neither did the mysterious traveller come to light nor could any clue to his whereabouts be gained. "If he had been a rabbit or a wood-

*Drawn by Charles Knight.*

TIGER AND TIGRESS AT PLAY.

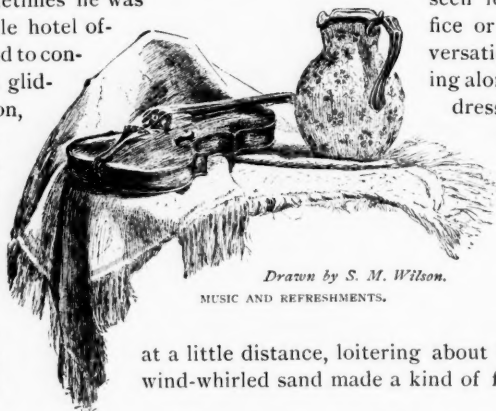


*Drawn by Harry Fenn.*

OUTSKIRTS OF LYNDBURST.

are in the water, and the menhaden show where bluefish are running."

It was true that Mr. Waldo Emery remained on the scene, though he no longer appeared in his conspicuous blazer of the first day, or frequented the places of greatest resort. Sometimes he was sively in the little hotel of-though disinclined to con-sing noticed him gliding in a shabby wagon, clothes, and with partly over his cloudy day, when blowing on the Monda was many brightly ures in the strolling groups, observed Emery flying spray and him.



*Drawn by S. M. Wilson.*

MUSIC AND REFRESHMENTS.

at a little distance, loitering about the dunes, where wind-whirled sand made a kind of faint mist around

"The fellow has got his eye on something or somebody," Lansing muttered to his comrade. "But why does he squint so? Why doesn't he look at the object directly and talk out straight, like a man? Let's go up to him and ask what he has got in his gizzard, anyhow."

"Nonsense!" answered Stephen. "Let him alone. If he has any eye left, in that sand-whirl, it is probably by this time full of silica and other gritty particles. As for his gizzard, it will soon contain nothing but sea-salt."

"Well," grumbled Lansing, "as a detective he is a failure. He makes himself too various and prominent. But if I can't arouse your animosity to him in any other way, I'll tell you this, my boy: I think *you* are the man he's running down."

"I!"

thrush," declared the energetic painter, who always wanted people, pictures, and things to be definite and discoverable, "he could not have hidden himself more effectually. My belief is that either he is a chimera, or else he departed in the morning as quietly as he came."

"No," said Stephen; "for your Emery is still here, and Emery is after him. He's a sure sign; just as sea-gulls, hovering in the air, show where menhaden

seen lounging unobtrusive or on the veranda, versation. Again, Lansing along the elmy street dressed in shabbier a soft hat pulled eyes. One the wind was beach, where one among the costumed fig- resting or the two men



*Drawn by Henry Sandham.*

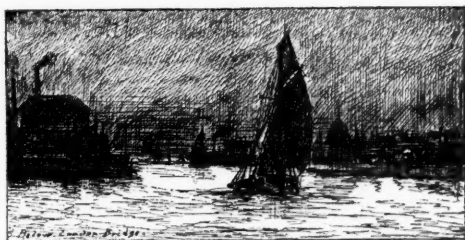
WATCHING THE SCENE BELOW.

"Why not? Wouldn't you make as good a criminal as he does a detective? How do you know that he hasn't been sent by the government to see that you don't entirely abandon the weather signal service? Or he may be the agent of some Secret Society of Artists, appointed to watch you and prevent your being false to your mission."

So they laughed together. Yet



*Drawn by Onofre Gari Torrent.*  
COMING ASHORE.



*Guy Standing*  
94

*Drawn by Guy Standing.*

BELOW LONDON BRIDGE.

the impression gradually forced itself upon Stephen's mind that this man Emery was in reality watching him. "He connects me with Wakeman, having seen us together; and what an interesting situation it makes!" he reflected. "I suppose I'm 'a link in the chain of evidence,' but if so, it's rather important to know where the chain is going to. Eh, Lansing?"

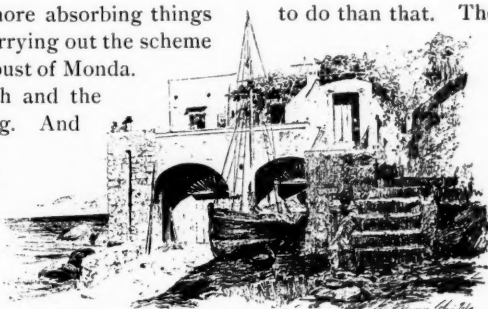
This thought gave a piquant zest to the affair, and to ascertaining just what the man's purpose might be in this kind of spy-work; though it must be owned that Stephen was annoyed by it, too. "I can't very well demand an explanation," he said, "when the fellow has never so much as spoken to me. How can we ask him why he is staying here, before we have even identified the house where he told you he's staying? Bah! It may end in my turning detective myself."

### III.

BUT he had pleasanter and more absorbing things two friends had lost no time in carrying out the scheme of Raynor's modelling a portrait-bust of Monda. "Strike while her promise is fresh and the clay is yielding!" cried Lansing. And Stephen struck.

In the roomy grounds about the antique mansion where Monda lived with her mother, Mrs. Rhodes—a sweet, subdued old lady, whom Raynor poetically likened to an evening cloud, bearing upon its

to do than that. The



*Drawn by Harley D. Nichols.*

UNDER VENETIAN SKIES.



*Drawn by Albert E. Sterner.*  
THE COUNTRY IN WINTER.

Raynor exclaimed, when his materials had been brought together, and he was about to begin modelling, under the auspices of Lansing and Mrs. Rhodes at a respectful distance. For it had been decided to attempt the work here, neither of the men having an available studio.

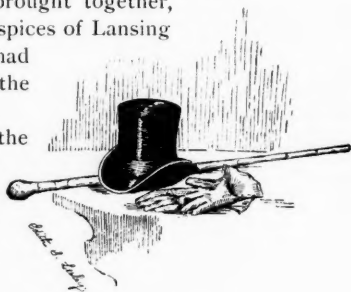
The whole proceeding had been impulsive, and the situation was odd. Raynor and Monda were barely acquainted, yet here they found themselves plunged into the intimate relation of sitter and portrayer, of model and artist. The sculptor was bending all his faculties to read the nature and the soul of the young woman before him, in order to reproduce her form and all the meaning of her face and character in clay. She, on her part, was quietly but intently observing him in those various phases of meditation, sharp insight, and action through which an artist



*Drawn by H. J. MacDonnell.*  
IN GRASSE.

bosom this lovely daughter Monda like a star—there was a square old out-house, dedicated to the baffled muse of this same daughter's painting. It made a charming, half-rustic studio, with its simple colored hangings, bunches of wheat and grasses caught against the walls, and strings of "old gold" corn ears drooping from the beams. Haunted by perfumes of herb and flower, it seemed also to be pervaded by an atmosphere of immemorial harvests and the promise of sweet plenty in the years to come.

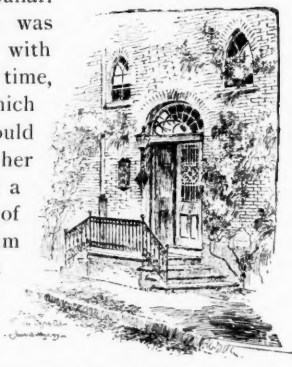
"If ever a man could work well, it should be here!"



*Drawn by Edith S. Lesley.*  
MAKING A CALL.

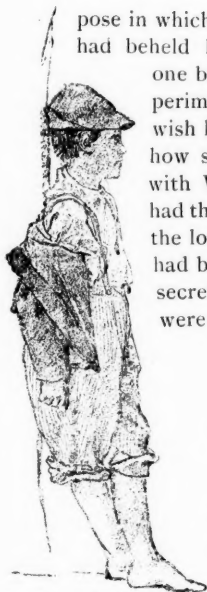
when busy passes unconsciously. In the ordinary case of a man working with a hired model this mutual relation might not have anything remarkable about it; but in this present instance the conditions were peculiar. Raynor felt that he was making acquaintance with Monda for the first time, through the material which he was trying to mould into a form resembling her—a form that would be a sort of tangible estimate of her, and might teach him what he really thought of her, although only his heart could tell him what feeling she aroused.

He had chosen to have her assume the



*Drawn by Frank Allison Hays.*  
ENTRANCE TO PHILADELPHIA SKETCH CLUB.

pose in which he had seen her first, that night when, unobserved himself, he had beheld her at the window in the moonlight, leaning on the sill with one bare arm. To get her into this pose required a good deal of experiment, ingenuity, and tact, as well as contact. Of course he did not wish her to know what he was aiming at. It was a secret from her, how she had been revealed to him in that strange midnight glimpse, with Wakeman by his side in the darkness of the street; and how she had then seemed to realize his monitory vision of a few nights earlier in the lonely Equitable tower. While they were debating the attitude she had better take, he had a curious dread that she might discover this secret, for she seemed to see so much with those soft, retiring eyes that were yet so innocent, calm, and child-like. He tried first one position,



*Drawn by J. G. Brown.*  
JUST BEFORE THE "EX-  
TRA" IS OUT.



*Drawn by William H. Drake.*  
ONE OF A MIGHTY RACE.

ment, and they began over again.

In the same way he had to try various costumes, various draperies, not daring to describe to her the simple, negligent robe she had worn at the window. At last he said, "It seems to me that something loose and light, something open, with easy folds around the shoulders, might do;" and so, after some reluctance, she caused to be brought from the house the identical soft tea-gown that he had in mind.

In all this there was a degree of what Robert Browning calls "fine mysteriousness," which became intensely fascinating to Raynor. If it involved any duplicity, might not that be excused—since it was itself harmless—on the ground that, to succeed at all with the bust, he must guard and maintain Monda's freedom from self-consciousness?

When it came to the final adjustment of the pose, he was obliged to touch

then another, and pretended to consider it carefully. Once, when she had taken a position that he distinctly did not want, he ran to the stand on which the formless lump of clay reposed and made sundry touches as though to begin work. But in a few moments he stopped and shook his head. "No, that isn't the right thing, after all," he said, with an air of disappoint-



*Drawn by Lyell Carr.*

TAKING A SNACK.

her bare arm so as to arrange the poise of the elbow and the delicate backward curve of the forearm and palm precisely as he wanted it. Something like fire ran through his veins, on which there followed a quick and cooling thrill. He would have found it difficult to describe the quality of this sensation, which appeared to be something more ethereal than sense. It was to him as

though he had been allowed to touch a

soul at the moment when it was entering human life, full-grown, yet with no perceptible stain upon it. The virtue of healing plants and exquisite blossoms, of pure air and gentle dew, seemed to pass into him at that contact. I don't know how to describe it better than in the terms he once used in speaking to me of it, that it was like participating in the freshness and joy of the original creation of earth and man and woman.

This sounds exaggerated; but we must remember that many people have been in love before Raynor, and that numbers among them have had clear and penetrating perceptions of deep spiritual truths, even if they did not always live up to them.

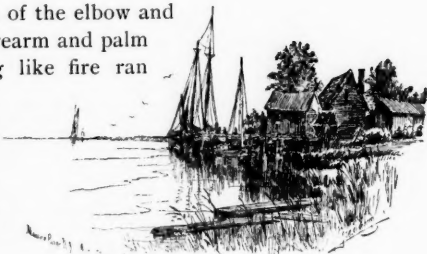
as he began his was taking part existence, or

Raynor certainly felt, work in earnest, that he in the mystery of Monda's in that of re-creating her. And she, with her reassuring smile, said: "No one has succeeded before, Mr. Raynor; but you deserve to, because you take so much pains in preparing."

"I don't call it taking pains," he answered, with a certain bluntness; "but taking pleasure."

This speech, under other circumstances, might have sounded like an obvious compliment, and rather flat. But Raynor's sincerity in it was so genuine that it became a word of good omen. Yet, as he began shaping the clay, he trembled like a racer awaiting the signal for starting.

In a few days he grew aware that all this mutual study between Monda



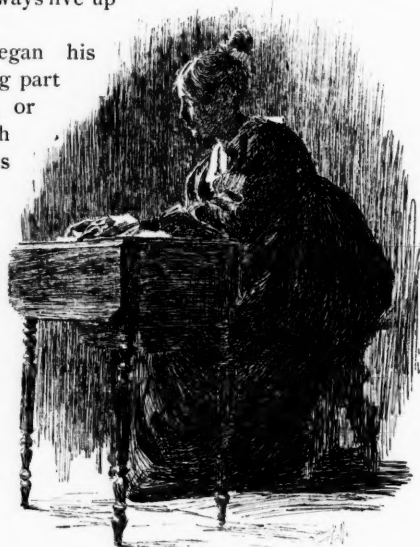
*Drawn by George E. Essig.*

MAURICE RIVER, N. J., AT REST.



*Drawn by George Wharton Edwards.*

A PEASANT GIRL.



*Drawn by James Hall.*

A PERSONAL DUTY.

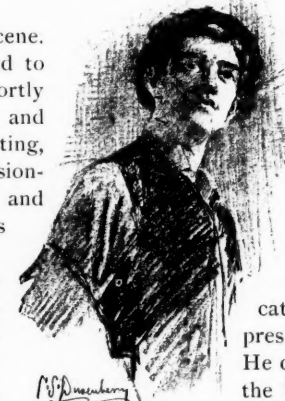


*Drawn by David Wilson Jordan.*

A SCOTCH LASSIE.

casionally enlivened the scene. came to talk idealism and to ate countenance and portly all his unacquired wealth and an active dabbler in painting, of intellectual "impression- of which was that he and short but sharp discussions of view. Then, besides, nervous, excitable little who was a fervent advo- and simple—"fleshly im- it so," he often declared. of the nude which made and interesting as a piece of raw beef hanging in the butcher's stall, and much more alarming and repulsive. He had such a knack of overspreading what should have been a fair and pleasing surface of vital humanity with morbid tints of copper, blue, crimson, rank yellow, violet, green, or gray—representing lights and shadows—in violent streaks and splotches, that when you saw his works accommodately displayed in the gallery of the Fine Arts' Building, or elsewhere, you at once had thoughts of flying to the Bellevue morgue for agree- able contrast and relief.

No one was allowed to examine the bust; Ray- nor having fixed a screen at some distance to shield it from the others, while not shadowing it; and as soon as he ended a day's work a hanging cylinder was let down from above, like an extinguisher, and



*Drawn by C. S. Dusenberry.*

A STURDY LAD.

and himself, together with his own effort to produce a good portrait, was the centre of a small drama which was going on around him and included several persons, especially Selden, the young millionaire, and Dora Morton, the million-heiress. These two kept dropping in to chat in the rustic studio while the modelling progressed; and, although they were outwardly quite devoted to each other, it did not take Raynor long to discover that Selden's eye was upon Monda, and that Selden was jealous of him for absorbing so much of her attention. The sittings were not long, but Stephen rested often, for a few minutes, and talked with the others. Instantly, Selden would make his way to Monda's side and converse with her alone. Mrs. Lansing had ar-

rived in Easthampton with her babies, and oc- So, too, Schemerhorn illustrate it with his rose- figure. Selden, in spite of its demoralizing ease, was and had set up as a sort ist;" the chief advantage Schemerhorn held many from their opposing points there was Albaugh, a pale, man, dark under the eyes, cate of impressionism impure pressionism, if you choose to call He could produce, at will, a study the human body almost as real



*Drawn by Martha S. Baker.*

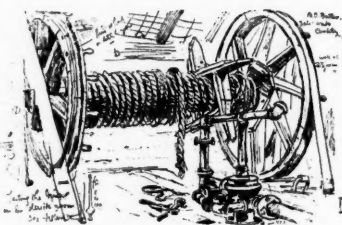
AN EVERYDAY ITALIAN.

locked over the bust. In revenge for this exclusion, Selden and Albaugh made clandestine sketches of Monda while she sat to him; until Stephen, in irritation, declared one day, "This is not a sketch class!"

Their versions of Monda, to say truth, were so bad that no one would look at them. But Albaugh persuaded her to give him a few separate sittings for a special attempt in color; not a portrait, but a study. In fact he rapidly produced several studies which, taken together, made an "impression" that she had been reflected at various angles by some sort of crinkled mirrors filmed with a dizzying confusion of tints.

One day the whole party made an early trip by train from Bridgehampton to the Shinnecock Hills, and visited the Summer School of Painting there. Monda was persuaded to stand for a sketch class; while the quiet, competent master of the institution—with his pointed Van Dyke beard and mustache, himself looking like a Velasquez courtier come to life—watched them reservedly, a reticent sparkle of amusement in his eye. The result here was the same—total failure, even among all those uncommonly bright young women and young men. None of them were satisfied with their own attempts.

Monda laughed, not at their failures, but at their rueful



*Drawn by Harry Fenn.*

IN THE DERRICK ROOM.



*Drawn by Camilla G. Whitcomb.*

LOW TIDE.



*Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.*

AT MOUNT ST. MICHEL.

faces. "Well," she said, "I cannot paint, though I've tried. I can only be painted *at*, and even then I seem to miss being a good target."

Then the master, with his gracious smile, taking her hand, remarked: "I congratulate you, Miss Rhodes, on being so far beyond the reach of even the best of art."

On the way back, as they drove in the open stage from Bridgehampton, a merry set, homeward, Monda—the subject having been returned to—exclaimed again: "Why will people go on trying to make pictures of me?"

Really it mortifies me to be so unfitted for art, even as a subject."

Selden saw his chance and put in: "But, my dear Miss Rhodes, the most difficult subject is, to the true artist—and I may say, the true man—always the most inspiring."

It would have been strange if Monda had not been pleased with this pretty turn. But though she smiled, she said only, "It makes me seem peculiar, and I don't like to be so."

In his comfortable, solid manner, Schemerhorn made some remarks about the need of

going to work at each individual subject in just the

right way. "The trouble with some of our friends is that they 'plunge;' they have too much enthusiasm. Ideality is not enthusiasm: it is a settled attitude." And Schemerhorn himself looked every pound settled in his corner of the stage. He seemed to imply, too, that if he undertook to paint Monda, the problem would be solved. Still it was a fact worth observing, that neither he nor the master they had seen that day ever made any move in her direction. "I should think all this would



*Drawn by M. R. Dixon.*  
A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

make you feel pretty uncomfortable, Raynor," he added, cheerfully. "To see people bowled over right and left, confessing that in art Miss Rhodes is too much for them! And here you are, a solitary survivor in the field, like a man in a battle——"

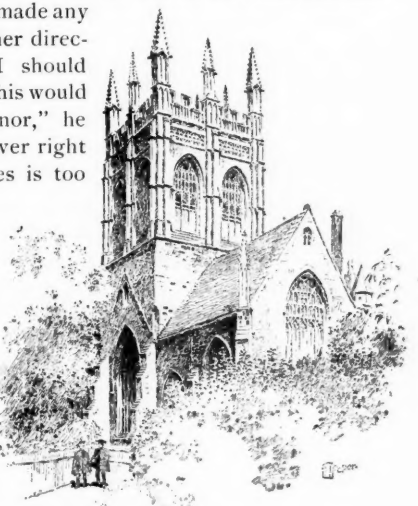
"But the others are painters," Raynor objected, "and carry the small arms. I am a sculptor, and have the artillery."

His bold assertion aroused protest. "I hope to demonstrate to you some time," declared Selden, "that the truly intellectual impressionism is the only medium for such elusive effects. Your heavy artillery of clay is too unwieldy."

"Yes, yes; acknowledge yourself beaten!" Schemerhorn counselled Raynor,



*Drawn by Edward Payne.*  
ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON.



*Drawn by Charles Edward Hooper.*  
ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST CHURCH, MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD,  
ENGLAND.

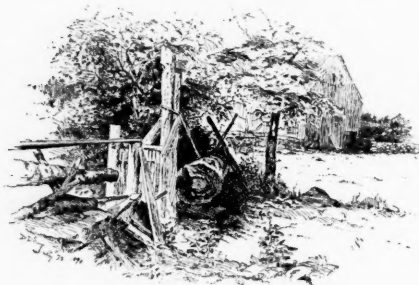


*Drawn by*  
*A. D. Blashfield.*  
STUDY OF A HEAD.

with lazy ease. "You have rushed in, my boy, where angels fear to tread."

"On the contrary," said Stephen, quietly, "I have supposed myself to be following precisely the path trodden by an angel."

There was a burst of merriment from the whole party at this broadside of sentiment. "Artillery, indeed?" cried Lansing. "Yes, Stephen, you fired a whole battery, that time; but your guns carried only roses and figures of speech."



*Drawn by D. D. Smith.*  
A FARM YARD.

disturbing her, and soon shedding themselves or evaporating, to leave her unchanged.

Next day, when the men were together at Lansing's hut among the sassafras trees, that artist said to Raynor: "I really think you have tackled something visionary, and beyond our range. Monda is a dream, not a reality."

"Very well," retorted Stephen. "Why isn't a dream as good and genuine a thing for us, as the tangible? You can't paint the actual Monda herself, I grant you; and probably I can't make her look like the real Monda, in sculpture; but we can produce something that contains the *idea* of her. In art, the chief value of the solid fact is the way we look at it, or what we *think* about it. The thinking comes out in the way we represent the object, or what we make of it. I tell you, the whole difficulty in the case of Monda is, that all our American art, to-day, is



*Drawn by Charles Edward Hooper.*  
A CONNECTICUT HOME.

And Monda laughed, too, but in a way all blithe and unperturbed, with a child's fresh yet slightly puzzled surprise. It was quite marvellous how she bore all this discussion of herself, her pictorial possibilities, and even the hint of rival admirations on the part of the young men, without for a moment becoming self-conscious. In fact, all these things—though she showed regret at not being more amenable to art—seemed to fall upon her like drops of dew on a flower; adding a little to her simple beauty for the moment, without



*Drawn by M. E. Dignam.*  
THE EMPTY NEST.

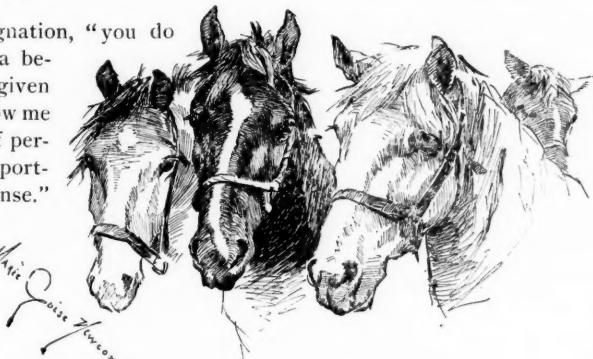


*Drawn by Harry E. Stevens.*

SPRINGTIME.

aglow with genial indignation, "you do very well, Raynor, for a beginner! As you have given me a dose of bitters, allow me to offer you this glass of perfect, soothing claret, imported at Selden's expense." (They were lunching.)

"Have you heard," Selden inquired, "how Dora Morton describes Monda? She calls her 'The Unpaintable Girl.'"



*Drawn by Marie Guise Newcomb.*

FRIENDS OF A MULTITUDE.



*Drawn by Lyell Carr.*

FRIENDSHIP.

either too literal and materialistic, or else, when it attempts to be ideal—not excepting even Schemerhorn, here—it is ideal in a sensuous and almost conventional form that doesn't rise at all above the earth."

"Bravo!" cried Lansing. "I could almost believe you had plagiarized that passage from one of the lectures that I haven't yet written. I'm with you, anyhow."

"No, you're not," Stephen threw back. "You are getting there, but you haven't quite arrived at the plane I have in view."

"Well," declared Schemerhorn,

"Very clever," said Schemerhorn. "And that reminds me," Albaugh now observed, "of a theory which has occurred to me concerning The Unknowable in Art.

If, as many of our recent philosophers contend, the principle of the universe is The Unknowable, why, of course the vital principle of art must be unknowable, too; and therefore we come promptly to the Unattainable in art. Your religious painters of the Middle Ages—even the best of them, Raphael, Angelo, and the rest—explored in that direction about as far as anyone could go, but certainly they did not reach the goal. Modern religious painters, so-

called or real—among the Germans and French, or Holman Hunt in England—have come still shorter of it. All that is played out, now. That's why I am an impressionist and confine myself to the Knowable."

"But are you sure that even what you propose to yourself is attainable?" asked Selden, with sweet sarcasm.

"I didn't know you could chatter so well, Albaugh," Lansing remarked, giving him the appreciative glance of a connoisseur in conversation. "But, all the same, you are entirely wrong."



*Drawn by Howard  
Chandler Christy.  
A STUDY SKETCH.*

"Yes, you're wrong," Stephen also asserted. "In the first place, you don't prove your premise. It is merely an assumption to say that the principle of the universe is The Unknowable. The philosophers who uphold that notion never prove it, either. We certainly do know the principle, the ruling power, of the universe, as well as we know astronomy—and rather better. We also know that it involves clearly defined elements of mystery. Of course we can shirk all that in art, just as so many shirk it in life and character. But if we shirk, and if we ignore the great truths, our work will suffer accordingly. In painting, or sculpture, or writing, don't we touch all the mysteries and the everlasting principles? If we say that we can't grapple with them and don't know what we're about, then we simply confess ourselves and our art imbecile. The striking fact about Monda Rhodes is, that while she is outwardly attractive, as so many women are, she seems to contain in a very unusual degree these higher mysteries of art and life. And that's why it is so hard to make any true representation of her, either off-hand or deliberately. She is a test problem."

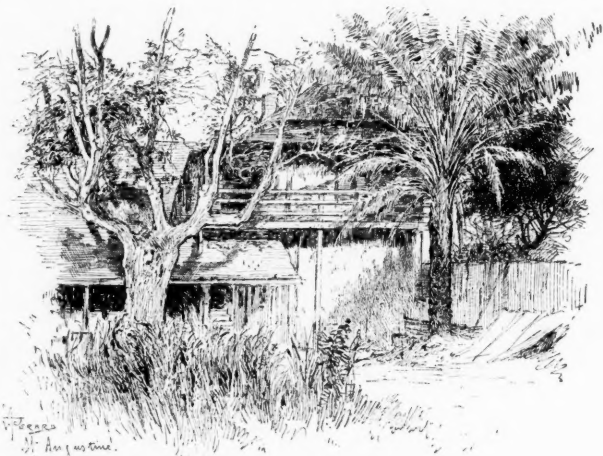
"Moonshine!" exclaimed Albaugh.

But Selden seemed to be impressed by what Stephen had said, and raised his glass to him in a silent toast that was half a ratification and half challenge.

A long discussion ensued, which they all



*Drawn by Frederic Remington.  
BRONCHO.*



*Drawn by Victor Perard.  
SCENE IN ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.*



Drawn by  
Freeland A. Carter.  
A TEN-MINUTE SKETCH.

finally dissolved by a plunge in the surf.

When the next sitting for the portrait-bust occurred in the out-house studio, Raynor would allow no visitors except Mrs. Rhodes, Lansing, and Dora Morton.

His work had reached too critical a point to admit of further interruption by debates. As he toiled away—with bird-songs floating in from the orchard, and the chirring of insects, while he inhaled the delicate aroma of dried grasses—he felt that he was literally bringing Monda

to life out of the substance of mother earth, in the clay which he manipulated. At other moments, despair of making any satisfactory representation seized him; and then the moist clay under his fingers seemed like the touch of some tall cliff which he was trying to climb, that slipped and slipped away from him until he was in danger of gliding downward to its base, defeated, crushed.

During this time of struggle, Monda permitted him to look over a number of her black and white sketches and color-studies. He found in them extraordinary traits of insight and power. The essence of some fine perception was always there; but she was never able to complete the thing technically. Raynor was much impressed by this fact, that—very much like himself—while she failed in her work, she always perceived the point that it ought to reach. And yet in her productions there was something that he himself could not compass; a certain child-like character, exquisite and inimitable. He would rather have possessed them than the most finished pieces of many masters. "In art she will always be a child," he confided to Mrs. Rhodes; "but as a woman she has the rarest and most far-reaching perceptions."

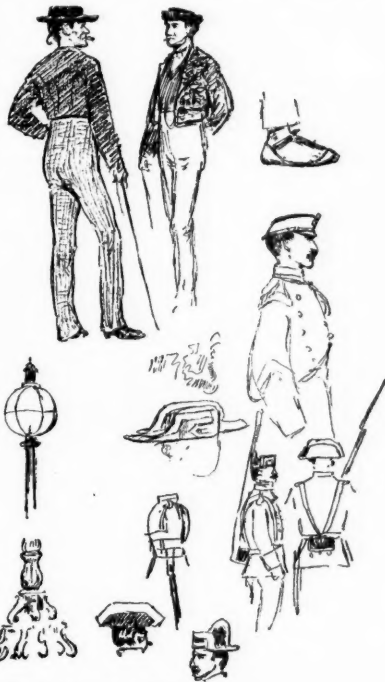


Drawn by  
Freeland A. Carter.  
RESTING.

But, the more he assumed to analyze Monda, and to define her strong traits, the less confidence he felt in himself. "I have



Drawn by G. A. Traver.  
MOVEMENT UNDER DIFFICULTY.



Drawn by Charles S. Reinhart.  
STREET SKETCHES IN SPAIN.

shortcomings like hers, in art," he mused. "I cannot perfect a work any more than she. But are my perceptions as fresh and unspoiled as hers? Could she help me, somehow, to fill out what I lack?"

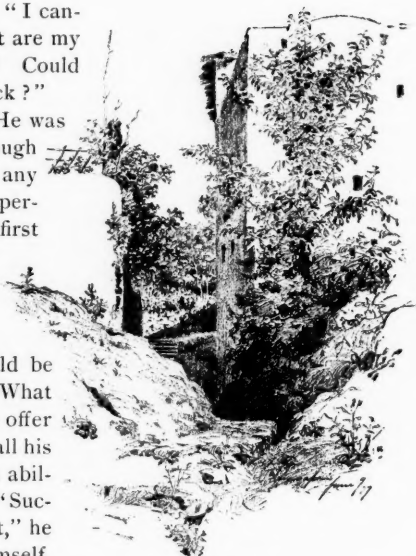
But how? How could she help him? He was drawing closer to her all the time, through constant association; but could there be any permanent union of their lives? Was he, perhaps, actually in love with her? It was the first time the word had occurred to him, and he almost shuddered at the sudden question.

Yet in case it were true, what would be the outcome? What career could he offer her? Was not all his future, even his ability, uncertain? "Success in art, first," he exclaimed to himself, by way of maxim, "and afterward—love!" Nevertheless, his mind kept returning to the thought of how Monda and he might work together.

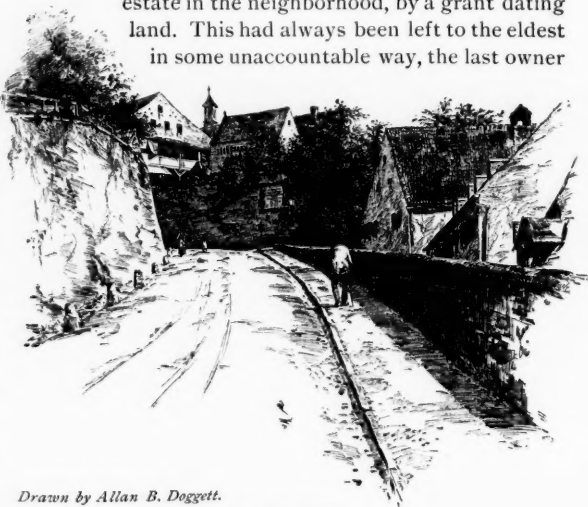


*Drawn by Peter Moran.*  
MUNCH.

Morton, he had eagerly gathered something of Monda's history. The family that her mother had married into had long been settled in this region, and were the owners of an old manor from Charles I. of England of the family. But, —Monda's grandfather— had set aside his elder son (Monda's father) and willed the property to his younger son, a bachelor, who still remained unmarried. This bachelor son was a sort of miser with regard to possession of the estate, though prodigal in his personal expense, and lived chiefly in Europe, on the income drawn from the old manor. Monda's father had died some years ago. Only the ancient house in



*Drawn by Harley D. Nichols.*  
RUINS OF ANCIENT GRANDEUR.



*Drawn by Allan B. Doggett.*  
A QUAIN OLD STREET.

Easthampton, with a modest area of land attached to it, and a small annual income, remained to Mrs. Rhodes; and there she lived in a sort of faded dignity, with Monda beside her, fresh as a lark. Both of them were almost as poor as field-flowers; for they toiled not, neither did they spin. Yet they existed pleasantly, and went to New York in the winter—which was not so very pleasant, but was regarded as a penance necessary to be offered to



*Drawn by Charles Edward Hooper.*

BOSSIE.



*Drawn by Yeend King.*

"THERE WAS A MILLER LOVED A MAID."

"No," laughed Dora. "It is probably guessable; but no one has guessed it, yet."

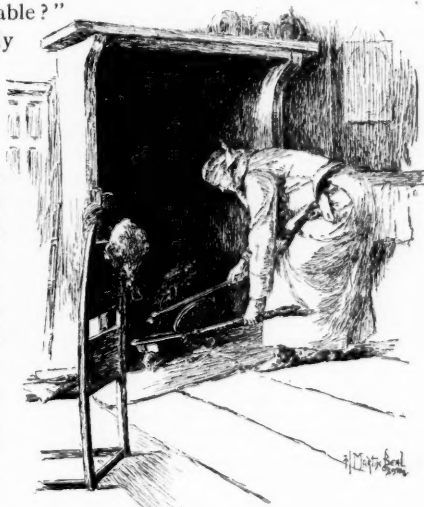
Stephen's mind instantly reverted to Wakeman and to that enigmatic personage, Emery. While he was considering these shady persons, he was startled one morning by discovering, inside the locked cylinder enclosing the bust, and lying against the moist clay, a letter signed by Wakeman! As no one but Raynor himself had a key to this cylinder, and as the door of the rustic studio was also kept fastened, he was astounded. The letter said that Wakeman had important information to give concerning the Rhodes manor, and that Monda and Raynor must meet him at a retired spot in the country to obtain it.

"This is a bold game!" Stephen meditated. "If the man really has a secret,

society in that gaudy, dusty, rattling metropolis.

"But there is something peculiar about the legacy of the main estate," Dora Morton whispered to Raynor. "We never have been able to understand it, quite. It was left to the eldest son, from the time of the early grant; unusual, of course, in America. But *now* to interrupt the succession! . . . There has been some question whether it was done by fair means. And what is extraordinary is, that Lee Rhodes, the present owner, has just come back suddenly from Europe, and has settled down on the manor like a hawk seizing his prey. He seems to be afraid that somebody may, even now, break his father's will and take the property away from him."

"There is a mystery, then, about the Rhodeses," said Raynor. "Does it belong to the unknowable?"



*Drawn by H. Martin Beal.*

BEDTIME.

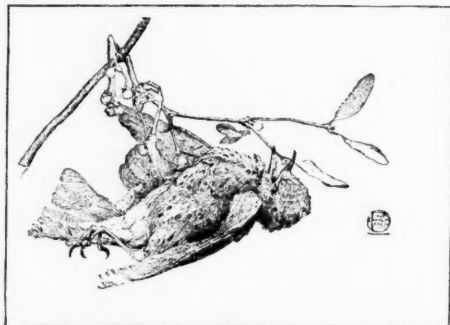
why does he throw it right into my hands?" Yet if Wakeman's purpose was honest, this might be the wisest course to follow, since Stephen was known to be frequently with Monda. And it was to Monda and her mother that Stephen proceeded at once with this curious document. They were greatly agitated. "It is true, Mr. Raynor," said Mrs. Rhodes, "I may tell you in confidence, that we have always suspected something wrong about the will. But who is this Wakeman? What can he know? I never heard of him before." And something as near to a flame of suspicion as she was able to permit rose in her mild eyes.

Then Raynor told what little he knew of the man. They discussed the matter for some time without reaching any decision; but when Mrs. Rhodes said, "How



*Drawn by J. Wells Champney.*

CHILD STUDY.



*Drawn by Malcolm Fraser.*

A SPARROW'S DEATH.

do we know he is not plotting something against us all?" Stephen thrilled with joy at being thus included with Monda and her mother. The modelling, however, proved fruitless that morning. Monda was evidently disturbed. Instead of the calm moonlight in which he usually fancied he saw her, broken shadows seemed to pass across her face.

That very evening, as it happened, a little garden party was to be given by the Rhodeses. In

the dusk, Raynor suddenly missed Monda. With Lansing, he pressed out to the veranda. There, beneath the vines, he saw her talking to Mrs. Lansing. He stood still, clutching his friend's arm. "Look!" he said. "Do you see that?"

A delicate flame seemed to play around Monda's head, and a pale light hovered along the outlines of her figure. It did not come from the windows or any of the distant lanterns, but was a faint radiance apparently emanating from herself.

"Yes," said Lansing, "I see it. That is a peculiarity of Monda's."

"A peculiarity?" echoed Raynor. "It is a marvel!"

"But very few persons have been able to perceive it," Lansing responded, solemnly, "marvel though it is."

To be continued.



*Drawn by G. A. Traver.*

AN OLD CHARACTER.

## CATTLE AND CATTLE PAINTING

BY MARY THERESA HART.

*With original illustration by James M. Hart, N.A.*

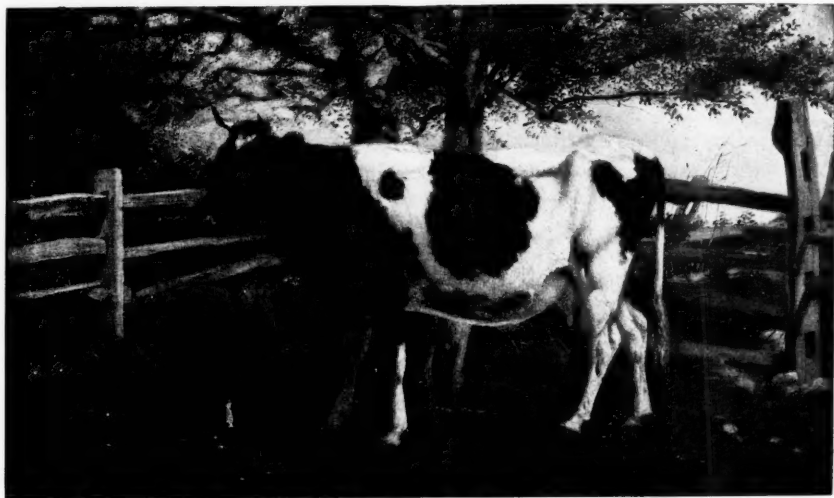


ROSSIE.

A CATTLE painter must have a great love for the animals, as nothing else will give the patience and perseverance to put up with their tricks and manners.

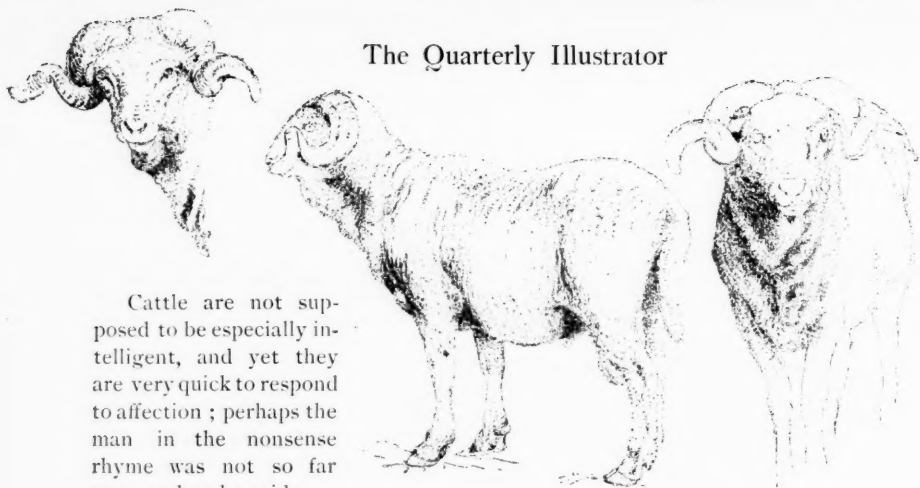
Forty years ago Dubufe painted a portrait of Rosa Bonheur, which showed the young artist with her arm placed lovingly around the neck of a pet bull; perhaps it was her first love, certainly not her last, for she has painted all animals as if she loved them. Without a lasting fondness for the subject, it is impossible to undertake the lifelong work necessary to know the character and structure of cattle, and to understand the bones and muscles

and markings caused by every change of attitude; for, without these things, the student must give up painting cattle, or else be reduced to representing them forever standing knee-deep in grass or water to hide their troublesome legs, and with a great many spots to conceal doubtful modelling. The study of cows means being with the creatures and watching them at all times and under all conditions. To acquire the drawing and action of a cow walking, take a sketch-book along and walk with her. One summer the artist, sketch-book in hand, was following some calves around a pasture lot, sprinkling his paper with legs and sections of calf, and noting a dozen little tricks of head and shoulder; he was espied at his strange occupation by a native, who straightway reported in the village: "Say, there's a man back thar in the lot readin' to the calves!"



WAITING FOR THE BARS TO BE LET DOWN.

## The Quarterly Illustrator



Cattle are not supposed to be especially intelligent, and yet they are very quick to respond to affection ; perhaps the man in the nonsense rhyme was not so far wrong when he said :

" I will sit on this stile,  
And continue to smile,  
It may soften the heart of the cow."

SHEEP STUDIES.

Once, on Long Island, lived a fierce bull of Alderney and Ayrshire breed named "Major;" when the artist first met him "Major" was in disgrace, a ring in his



AT SUNDOWN.

nose and chained to a stake, all because he had a lordly way of taking down rail fences and walking into the corn-field at the

head of the herd. Under the softening influence of sweet corn and kindness the artist won his confidence and, unshackled, "Major" would stand to be painted, while the artist's children gathered fearlessly about, brushing away the flies, or scratching the noble brow of the ex-convict.

And then there was "Polly," a veritable "golden calf," who was rescued from



James M. Hart,  
Sep 2 1891

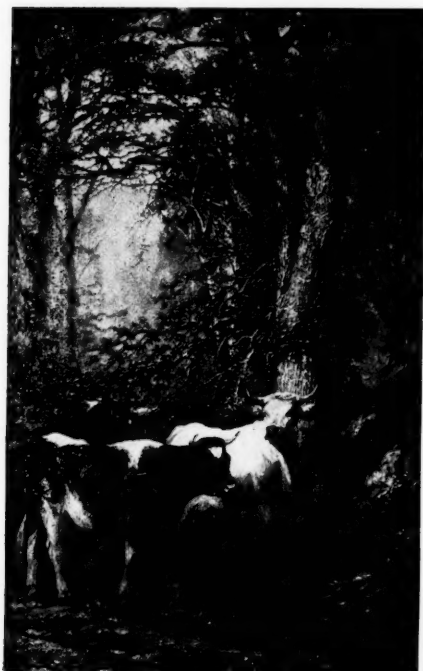
LATE IN THE DAY.

the cruel butcher by the artist, and who posed for her living, earning her "board and keep," which was nine quarts of milk a day.

Oxen are excellent models, because they have been taught to obey orders, but cows have no sense of obligation. The oxen in the study were employed mending a highway. The artist engaged them and their driver at the same wages to pose for him; when the various studies were finished and the summer was ended, the boy was sorry, and the creatures gave a mournful low of regret as they went back to hauling stone. Very dear to the painter of cattle is the praise of those who have been associated with the humble creatures all their lives, and when a farmer announces "That's a fine cow you have there," the painter feels that his work is indeed well done, and that his labor



HELPING HERSELF.



IN THE AUTUMN WOODS.

has brought him some of the knowledge he is seeking. For the farmer knows his cattle and holds them dear to him, not only as investments, but as daily companions and friends. There is an old French song which shows how deep this feeling is in the peasantry of the old countries. After describing his oxen and telling how sleek and strong and faithful they are, the simple, honest heart of the peasant breaks into the refrain, "Better lose the wife I love than see my oxen die."

It is fortunate that the greatest modern love of cattle falls a little short of this old standard; unfortunately, there are too many people to whom the members of a herd on the road or in the pasture are as like as checkers on a board. But once grow intimate with them, and not only the difference of form and marking will stand out; they begin to show differences of personality and expression which make them interesting or uninteresting, lovable or unlovable.

One of the great drawbacks to painting animals is thought to be the difficulty of getting them to pose. But once understand how to respect their moods and make allowance for individual eccentricities, and it becomes like human portraiture. Animals have an instinct that responds quickly to kindness which comes from a genuine love of them, and there are only occasional sceptical characters among them. When the artist comes across one of these he yields gracefully, and though he may be longing to make a flank movement, he contents himself with front views of the cow who insists on harboring distrust of his intentions, and so keeps her full face toward him watchfully, whichever way he turns.

Sometimes the artist chances upon things more valuable to him than what he starts out for. When a student has learned never to neglect a good note, no matter how far it may be from the subject on which he is bent, he is likely to store away impressions that will be priceless to him in later years. "Silas" and "Betsy" are two such jottings that found their way into the sketch-book when the artist was out for calves.

The old-time drove is no longer seen on the country road, but the artist well



THREE LITTLE MAIDS.



LISTENING FOR THE EVENING CALL.



" SILAS."

remembers the sight, familiar forty or fifty years ago, of covered wagons, shouting men and boys, and inevitable barking dogs. The rush and tramp of the herd in the clouds of stifling, blinding dust, made a picture that could only be painted by one who had seen it and whose patient study of form and action gave him the trained hand and eye to put on canvas what he had seen. In the West something akin to this may still be found. The endless, empty plains, stretching round with nothing to relieve them but the clouds by day and the stars by night, add their desolation to a picture more often told in words than attempted by colors and brush. A writer whose descriptions linger in the memory like pictures, has painted the lulling of the herd, when the cowboys, gathering in

the cattle at evening, ride in ever narrowing circles and fill the loneliness with monotonous chanting that assures their charges "All is well." The mere copy or photographic representation of cattle does not content either painter or poet, and under the spell of a great

love bred of a thorough understanding, the beasts become more and more endowed with a human intelligence, and shy calves huddled together in a field suggest to the artist the three little maids in the "Mikado;" and Whittier likens the old-time drove to an approaching army:

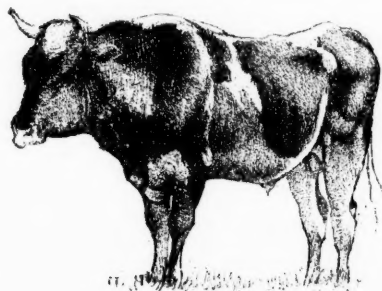
"Through dust clouds, rising thick and dun  
Like smoke of battle o'er us,  
Their white horns gleaming in the sun  
Like shields and spears before us."



" BETSY."



AWAY FROM THE FLOCK.

James H. Hart,  
1871


ONE OF A STURDY FAMILY.



THE OLD-TIME DROVE.

## FROM THOUGHT INTO FORM

BY MARY T. EARLE.

*Illustrated from the work of F. Wellington Ruckstuhl.*

THE same love of the tangible which determines a medical student to become a surgeon rather than a physician must decide an art student to take up sculpture



MR. RUCKSTUHL AT WORK.

instead of painting. Sculptors say they are less handicapped than painters, since they have form, and through it can best express life. But the painters claim the least limitation, saying that color is a more vital element than form, and that color represents form more fully than form can represent color and life.

The question whether completeness of form or completeness of color means most to the average American mind is answered by the scarcity of sculpture. At first thought its greater expense might seem the explanation, but set expense aside, and few people rescue the little Venuses de Milo from the peddler's basket, while many carry home lightning water-colors, frame and all, as trophies from the shop windows.



MODELS, STUDENTS, AND STROLLING PLAYERS IN MERCIER'S STUDIO.



EVENING.

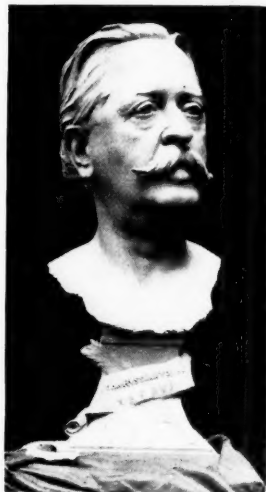
It seems to be accepted as a fact that a higher order of understanding is needed to appreciate sculpture than painting, although sculpture is usually the first and rudest form of a nation's art as well as its culmination. In America we are probably somewhere in the early middle space of our history, and we have a very actual preference for painting. Against this preference, success in sculpture means much; but get down to honest feeling, and you find that our little really good statuary

stands very close to the public heart, and is loved in a way that is a promise for the future.

A very good basis for a sculptor to begin his work upon is the idea that he is not thoroughly master of his craft until he can carve his own marble as well as model the clay. It was in this thorough spirit that Mr. Ruckstuhl, the Secretary

of the National Sculptors' Society, carried on his studies, first with Julien at the Beaux-Arts, then with Tholeenaar, and finally in Mercier's studio with MacMonnies, Adams, Coles, Wuertz, and many more; and it was Mercier's hearty encouragement that decided him to carve his first marble, "Evening," for the Salon.

In the quiet of every twilight, Mr. Ruckstuhl could see the sad withdrawal and



JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.



MERCURY AMUSING HIMSELF.



PEACE.

closing of all things, the softening of the lights and of the sounds, which he has expressed in the figure of Evening, a nymph just yielding to sleep.

Though the purpose of "Peace"

is loftier than that of "Evening," the treatment is

a shadow more material. The knowledgeable child holds out its olive branch with a smile, but Wisdom commands. The winged figure is full of serenity and confidence, but it might have more of the exquisite curving lightness of the "Evening" without sacrificing the sense of maturity which it conveys.

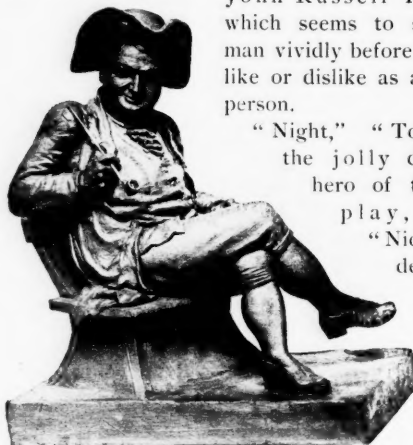


NIGHT.

"Mercury Amusing Himself" is realism applied to a classic subject, and while not as pleasing as "Evening" and "Peace," it has great strength.

It is but a step from realism to portraiture, an impossible step for some people, but short for Mr. Ruckstuhl, to judge from the bust of

John Russell Young, which seems to set the man vividly before one to like or dislike as a living person.



NICK VEDDER.

"Night," "Toodles," the jolly drunken hero of the old play, and "Nick Ved-



BUST OF RUCKSTUHL, BY MACMONNIES.



TOODLES.

der," are glimpses of the early work which encouraged Mr. Ruckstuhl to go abroad. He was thirty-two years old when he began his studies as a sculptor, so that his work is of interest as a proof that a determined man can succeed in his chosen calling even if he is prevented from entering it in his first youth.



CARL HAAG, R.A.



V. C. PRINSEP, A.R.A.



L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.

ENGLISH ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.



G. F. WATTS, R.A.



FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

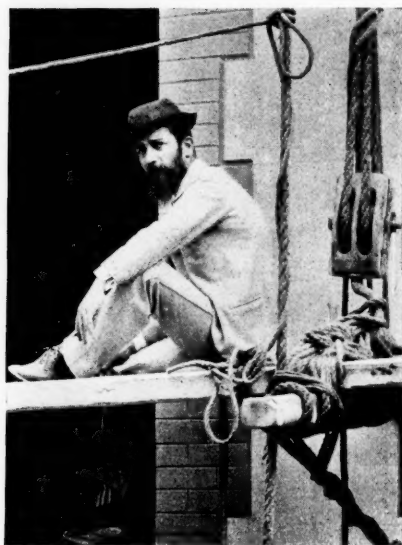
ENGLISH ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.



FIN MESSEAC.



MARIE RODRIGUES DE RIVERA.



A. DE RIQUER



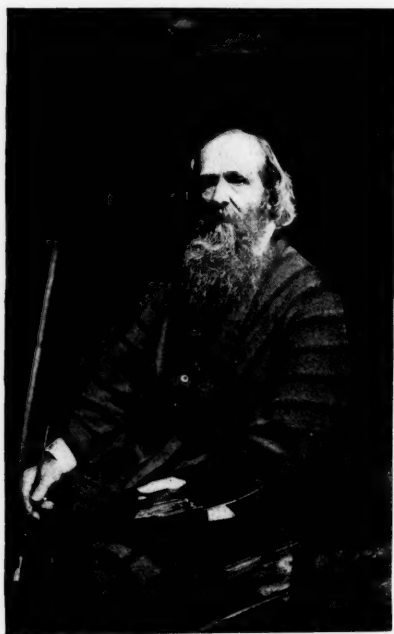
W. T. TREGO.



BENJAMIN EGGLESTON.



C. DE GRIMM.



GEORGE W. FLAGG, N.A.



HENRY R. POORE.



F. WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL.



JAMES HENRY MOSER.



DANIEL F. SMITH.

WARREN SHEPPARD.

WALTER DOUGLAS.



NAPOLEON SARONY.

JAMES HENRY MOSER.

J. D. CHALFANT.



JOHN C. BAKER.

ROBERT M. DECKER.

C. A. BURLINGAME.



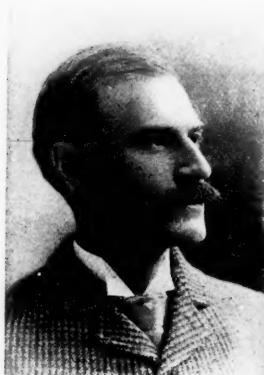
ANDREW O'CONNOR.



WILLIAM E. PLIMPTON.



F. T. RICHARDS.



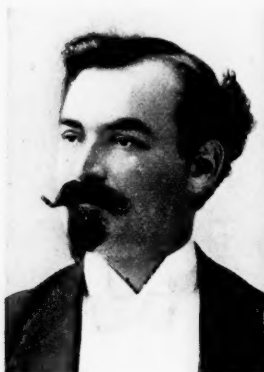
F. S. DELLENBAUGH.



GEORGINA A. DAVIS.



WALTER M. DUNK.



GASTON M. BEURY.



ARTHUR HOEBER.



TRYTHALL ROWE.

## FAR FROM "THE DAY'S BEGINNING"\*

BY OWEN RISQUE.

*Illustrated from life.*



AT THE DOORWAY.

SHE stood quite still at the doorway. Her face wore a child-like impassiveness, but her hands fingered the long cloak nervously, and when she spoke her voice was hesitant. "You paint the Japanese?" she asked.

Varick was leaning round his easel looking at her. She was not a professional model. He turned back to the blue-eyed girl on his canvas. There were other blue-eyed girls on the walls, quick, tantalizing faces that still fell short of what he had attempted. The little figure at the door had appeared before him like a restful thought. He called her in. She stooped to get a bundle and then paused. "I stand quiet. You pay me?" she asked again.

"Surely," said Varick. "You have never posed before?"

She did not understand that, and fell to unpacking her bundle. "Dresses," she explained briefly. "For pictures. This cloak prettiest. It not mine — theatre. I not wear it; I put it on in hall. All dresses theatre." Then, throwing off her cloak, she touched her plain, dark kimona. "This mine," she said. "What you like for picture?"

"Cloak pretty," said Varick, dropping unconsciously into her direct wording, "and this dress. You come from theatre?"

"No; Japanese in theatre my friends." She looked about at Varick's pictures a little uneasily. "One man he paint Japanese," she said. "I look for him. Not find him. You not paint Japanese?"

"I like try to paint Japanese," Varick answered. "Here place to dress."

It was after an oriental pause that she came out. Varick had made all his preparations twice.



"I LADY WALKING. IN JAPAN."

\* A literal translation of the word Japan.



"I MEET LADY."

"Yes. My husband. He paint too. He paint all at once. In store window. Quick. Not like you. He look at nobody to see how. He know."

"And he sends you out to pose?" Varick asked, sharply. "Stand quiet, somebody pay," he added, to be understood.

"My husband sick," she answered, simply. "He not know. He not miss me. We no money."

"A—h!" said Varick. "You do all this alone. You not afraid?"

"No," she answered, almost with surprise, "not afraid. I go to my husband now. He need me. I come back to-morrow. To-morrow too late?"

"No, indeed," Varick assured, kindly, "not too late. Come back often. I paint slow. Take many days to paint picture. But your husband—when he get well, he like it?"

"We poor. I tell him you good," she answered, confidently. "Not nice in Japan. Nice in America."

"I lady walking. In Japan," she said. "You like me? Now I meet lady. Bow. You like me?"

"Stand just so," cried Varick, and began to work. But her unaccustomed head grew tired, and soon she looked up.

"Lady not bow so long," she suggested, and Varick caught a familiar baffling gleam in her sleepy eyes.

"Rest a minute," he said.

She drew a cushion onto the floor and settled herself. But she picked up a scarf, and holding it between her hands, she said, "I lady sewing. Lady sew longer than bow. You like me?"

"I like you," echoed Varick, with boyish gallantry that surprised him, coming fresh and genuine from he knew not where.

She rose quickly and crossed the room. She was such a restless little chameleon under her Eastern calm. As she came back, carrying Varick's Japanese tray, he noticed that her child face was almost haughty. "I lady bringing tea to my husband's friend," she said. "My husband like lady bringing tea."

"Your—husband?" said Varick, slowly.



"LADY SEW LONGER THAN BOW."

